A

BOOK

OF

New Epigrams.

By the ſame Hand that Tranſlated

MARTIAL.

Epigrammatarius Omnium Scenarum Homo.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Bonwicke* at the *Red Lyon* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1695.

ERRATA.

PAge 13. Verse 19. for *Earth* read *Court*. p. 18. v. 6. for *Single-soul'd* r. *Single sol'd*. v. 20. for *to* r. *that*. p. 35. v. 21. for *the* r. *these*. p. 39. v. 7. for *the* r. *ye*. p. 47. v. 16. for *their* r. *the*. p. 53. v. 11. for *made* r. *held*. p. 64. v. 6. for *as* r. *and*. p. 75. v. 5. for *to do* r. *do to*. p. 105. v. 5. for *thou hadst* r. *we held*. v. 7. for *thy* r. *our*. p. 111. v. 11. for *Thy* r. *The*. p. 122. v. 15. for *Mystery* r. *Mastery*. p. 126. v. 12. for *Officers* r. *Offices*. p. 127. v. 1. for *thou art* r. *now art*. v. 3. r. *Malice and of*. p. 135. v. 15. for *the Devil* r. *a Devil*. p. 139. v. 2. for *bow* r. *Brow*. p. 141. v. 13. for *the* r. *thy*.

NEW EPIGRAMS.

Epigr. 1. *To a Friend that ask'd me, Why tranſlating ſo many* Epigrams, *I made none.*

AMong th' inſpired Quire I never ſung,
Metre, the love of *Martial*, from me wrung;
And imitation has ſo cramp'd my ſtrain,
To ſeek t'inſranchiz't now, were labour vain.
I may complain, but cannot mend my State,
When I wou'd write, I find I ſtill tranſlate.
Harſh is my Style, rough Verſe I only know,
Nought that is num'rous from my Pen will flow,
Which theſe ſucceeding *Epigrams* will ſhow.

Ep. 2. *To the ſame.*

Well, what I write, to print I may be ſlack,
Were I ſo vain to think, I nought did lack
To make a Poet, this wou'd me reſtrain,
A Work and Author new ne'er Praiſe did gain:
He muſt be One, long to the Town that's known,
And much in Vogue, before his Wit they'll own.
Candor and Judgment high in them excel,
Who, of a Novel Piece dare ſay, *'Tis Well.*

Ep. 3. *On a Counterfeit Stoick.*

An awful Wight, with's Beard unto his Waſte,
Who Wiſdom in a ſordid Mantle plac'd,
Elf-locks, ſoure Aſpect, and a knotty Staff,
And at the Sober World did Snarl, or Laugh,
Made to *Herodes Atticus* Addreſs,
Boaſting his Worth, not hiding his Diſtreſs;
And to Command ſeem'd rather, than implore,
As both to give he ought, and to adore.
Sage *Atticus*, the Glory of his days,
Whoſe Vertue, Learning, bore from all the Bays,
Ask'd,

Ask'd, What he was? He, in a wrathful Tone,
Said, *A Wiſe Man*, and wonder'd he'd not own
What his Eyes ſaw! *I ſee*, ſays he, *your Guiſe*
And Beard, but nothing hear that's learn'd or wiſe.
'Tis eaſier far, to rail at and condemn
Things that are Vain, than truly to contemn;
Leudneſs and Avarice, Gluttony and Pride,
The Philoſophick Garb too oft do hide.
Muſt I, when e'er a bearded Goat I ſee,
Conclude the Brute a Socrates *to be?*

Ep. 4. *On* Philoſarcus.

When ought thy Body ails, thou art ſo wiſe,
Not with thy ſelf, but Doctors to adviſe:
But when thy Soul is Sick, thou'rt here ſecure,
Thou'rt Caſuiſt enough to work its Cure.
That is, thy Body's Health to thee is dear,
Thy Soul leſs lov'd, thou leſs for it do'ſt fear:
Potions are eaſier too, than ſharp Advice;
Thy Flegm and Choller purged, than thy Vice.

Ep. 5. *On the like.*

Thy Appetite, in all that it does crave,
Thou gratifi'ſt; thy Carcaſe then to ſave
Doctors Conſults't; tho' thou do'ſt better know
What does thee hurt, than all their Skill can ſhow.
But to his Palat who is ſo unkind,
In his delicious Fare a Fault to find?
If the Rare Diſh, a Surfeit does procure,
It matters not, let the Phyſician cure.
The Laws of Temp'rance are too hard to bear,
And Fees, than Riot, Men more eas'ly ſpare.

Ep. 6. *On the preſent State of the Nation.*

The Pious *Jews* in times of War did Faſt,
Even when no Foe did lay their Country waſte;
If, as they ſpoke, *The Sword of Peace* paſs'd by
Their Coaſt, their Neighbours were at Enmity;
On ſuch account great Sorrow they expreſs'd,
And not endanger'd, held themſelves diſtreſs'd.

What

What are the Duties then, this Land commands
From us? What Self-affliction from our Hands?
Who *Turk* and Treaſon, Hell and *France* withſtands.

Ep. 7. *On* Prodigus.

While thou by Sloth, and Riot, art grown Poor,
Thy Servants flouriſh all upon thy Score.
Reduc'd to Roots, too late thou now doſt find
Fabricius words, ſuit not thy laviſh Mind.
Who ſaid, *The Rich he'd rather ſubject hold,*
Than be himſelf Poſſeſſor of their Gold.
Contempt of Wealth, made him appear a God,
Thee as a Slave, under the Lictors Rod.

Ep. 8. ---*His Diſciples came by night, and ſtole him away, while he ſlept.*

O Rancorous and Unbelieving *Jew*! (ſhew?
Whoſe deprav'd Heart, what words have pow'r to
Faithleſs, yet more Perverſe; more Falſe, than Blind;
Blaſpheming boldeſt, when Truth brighteſt ſhin'd;
Who Miracles forbore not to traduce,
To treat Heavens higheſt Favours with abuſe;

Who God's own Law, to diſanul, eſſay'd,
Whom holy Truths only more wicked made;
Whoſe Fathers did their impious Hands imbrew
I'th' Prophets Blood, you Prince *Meſſiah* ſlew;
Convinc'd, his Reſurrection durſt deny,
And bribe the Soldiers to abet the Lye.
The drowſie Guard did not your Truſt betray,
But while your ſelves in ſinful ſlumber lay,
The faithful *Gentiles* ſtole your *Chriſt* away.

Ep. 9. On Ariſtides.

The People *Ariſtides* did intend,
Thro' Envy, into Baniſhment to ſend.
Unknown, one pray'd him (ſo it him befell)
He'd *Ariſtides* write upon his * Shell.
You has he wrong'd, ſays he, *in any Due?*
Or ſhew'd himſelf in Publick Truſt untrue?
No: That's his Crime, he never was to blame,
His Juſtice all his Country-men does ſhame:
The Good Man ſaid no more, but wrote his Name.

* In the Baniſhment the *Athenians* termed *Oſtraciſm*, they wrote the Baniſh'd perſon's Name upon a Shell.

Ep.

Ep. 10. *On the KING.*

While thine own Sword, brave Prince, maintains thy (Right,
Lewis does only by his Captains fight;
He all his Conqueſts unto them does owe,
Himſelf ne'er ſaw the Face of any Foe.
What's needful for the Field 's, thy Royal Care,
Plain are thy Garments, plainer yet thy Fare.
Lewis, with all the Luxury of his Court,
Marches not forth to fight, but for diſport;
With Strumpets takes his Poſt, from Danger far,
The Gen'ral? No: The Baggage of the War.

Ep. 11. *On* Diogenes, *and a Fop.*

A ſpruc'd-up Youth, gay clad, nice and perfum'd,
The ſoure Philoſopher to Scorn preſum'd;
His outward Garb ſo ill with his did ſuit,
He look'd no better on him than a Brute.
What muſt I quarrel Nature? Said the wiſe
Cynick, my ſelf, becauſe a Man, deſpiſe?
Cancel my Nobler Frame, her Work undo,
Only to make me ſeem a Girl like you?

Ep.

Ep. 12. *On an Olympick Victor.*

As an Olympick Victor ſtalk'd along,
Minſtrels before, round him th' applauding Throng,
His Crown, o'er-weening and inſulting, wore;
And in his Hand a branch of Laurel bore:
Mov'd with the Pomp, *Diogenes* enquir'd,
What more than Man in him was ſo admir'd?
'Twas ſaid, who e'er his Proweſs durſt withſtand,
Or dead, or maim'd, he laid upon the Sand!
Were they Superiors, Equals, or below
Himſelf, ſays he, *whom he did overthrow?*
Th' Event declares, the firſt they cou'd not be,
For o'er them both, we him Triumphant ſee:
And if they only were the laſt I nam'd,
He boaſts of what he ought to be aſham'd.
For where's the Glory, Wonder, or the Riddle?
I can Inferiors quell without a Fiddle.

Ep. 13. *On* Ralf *and* Ciſs.

Foul *Ralf*, and fouler *Ciſs*, this day are wed,
The Sloven and the Slut ſtink in one Bed.

Tho'

Tho' *Cupid* here did neither Wrong nor Hurt,
The Boy was whipp'd, for playing in the Dirt.

Ep. 14. *On* Alexander *and* Diogenes.

Philip's Great Son, a Royal Mind to ſhow,
Whole Provinces and Cities did beſtow:
And to *Diogenes* with like Purpoſe came,
Whoſe Wiſdom finding anſwer to his Fame;
That he his Greatneſs too, might underſtand,
Ask'd him, If ought he would of him demand?
Yes, ſays the Cynick (ſitting in his Tun,)
Stand not, I pray, between me and the Sun.

Ep. 15. *On the* KING.

Had *Lewis* Heart with Valour been endu'd,
His Forces might have many Lands ſubdu'd:
But God, who wiſely all things does accord,
Put in his Hand a Whip, in thine a Sword.
By Bribes, Aſſaſſins, he does act his Part,
By impious Leagues, and ſuch-like treach'rous Art,
Scourges the World; makes Millions to deplore.
But Thou ſeem'ſt born, the Nations to reſtore.

Ep.

Ep. 16. *On* Caius.

No Learned Language thou at all doſt know,
Or in thy Native, Pains didſt e'er beſtow;
Its Force and Eloquence to underſtand,
What Proſe or Verſe ennobles, ever ſcand;
Scarce Patience haſt to read. Why doſt thou write?
Abortions, for form'd Births, produce to light?
'Cauſe thou thy ſelf, to what is Good, art Blind.
Hopeſt thou the World, without all Eyes to find?
But ſuch there are, their Excrements do pleaſe,
Thou ſeem'ſt to labour of the like Diſeaſe:
'Tis hard to tell, ſo putid is thy Strain,
The Ordure, from the Fancies of thy Brain.

Ep. 17. *The Virgin Martyr'd.*

The Holy Virgin 'fore the Judgment ſtood,
Bright in her Beauty, brighter in her Blood.
When ſcourg'd and rack'd, branded and ſcorch'd (with Fire,
With Pincers torn, and ready to expire,
Her heav'nly Graces all did yet admire.

Cruel,

Cruel, ſhe ſaid, as born of Rock and Stone,
Such Pains can you inflict, reſenting none?
Think you, becauſe Faith does our Courage ſteel,
Our Fleſh, like Iron too, does nothing feel?
You urge our Tortures to that high degree,
Your Executioners even ſuff'rers be.
But we're Chriſtians! Ah, knew you what you ſay!
It would your Rage, tho' greater, yet allay.
Chriſtians are thoſe, do the true God adore,
Mercy for them, that ſhew them none, implore;
Love all that's Good, Hatred they do not know;
Friends to Mankind, to Vice alone are Foe:
Ceſar they worſhip not, but for him pray,
Obey him, even when Death is in their way.
Thoſe who do think, Incenſe is alſo due,
The fabulous Giants War 'gainſt Heaven make true.
Her Strength here fail'd. Angels, ſays ſhe, do call,
To joyn them, gladly here on Earth I fall.
A general Groan through all the Earth did ſound,
And Converts 'mong the faithleſs Throng were found;
Many, with Hands ſtretch'd out, aloud did cry,
I am a Chriſtian too, and I, and I.

Ep.

Ep. 18. *The States-Man.*

Rejecting Subtile *Machivilian* Arts,
Theſe few things conſtitute a States-mans Parts.
In Ages paſt, to be well vers'd and read,
I'th' Knowledge of his own train'd up and bred;
To be, for Vigilance and Juſtice, known,
To ſet the Publick Good before his own:
All crooked Ways, tho' gainful, to deſpiſe,
The Honeſt deeming only to be Wiſe:
This Chriſtian Point rightly to underſtand,
Counſel's in his, the Iſſue's in God's Hand.
Who all his Plots reſolveth to inſure,
Shall play the Knave, and nothing yet ſecure.

Ep. 19. *On Jeſuits.*

O Jeſuits! Subtil in the Arts and Schools,
Knaves in the World, and in Religion Fools:
Chriſt's profeſs'd Servants, but the Slaves of Popes;
And both defie, when they oppoſe your Hopes:
Miſſioners ye are to the Earths utmoſt ends,
Feign'd Lovers of the Faith, Riches true Friends;

Preferring

Preferring more a Pow'r in Courts to hold,
Than even in Heaven to have your Names enroll'd:
And further have prevail'd, Truth to expel
The Church of God, than even the Gates of Hell.

Ep. 20. *On a groundleſs Confident Woer.*

To wed a Wife, not handſom, thou doſt Scorn,
Wealthy thou'lt have, right Vertuous, and well-born.
By *Juno* well reſolv'd! So on thy Part
With ſuch, in ev'ry Point, thou equal art:
But if on Self-conceit thou doſt depend,
Haſt nought, but Wig and Veſt, to recommend
Thy Suit, after much Dreſſing, Coſt and Strife,
Rich Coats I've known return without a Wife.

Ep. 21. *To* Julius.

When Men to Honour rais'd, I oft did hear,
(As then firſt being) they *created* were,
It ſounded ſtrange: But ſince I *Julius* knew
Ingenious, Innocent, Obliging, True,
And ſaw that Honour render'd him uncivil,
Vicious, Falſe, Proud, all that is counted Evil,
The Man's *new made*, I cry'd, he's now a Devil.

Ep.

Ep. 22. *On* Procula, *old and amorous.*

Foul Winter, ceaſe to think thy Age a Spring,
Which nought but Cold and Dirt does with it bring:
If it be poſſible thou canſt any pleaſe,
The ſame may alſo dote on a Diſeaſe.
Thou ſay'ſt, thou'ſt Charms; So Witches have theirs (too,
But ſuch as Toads and Devils only woo.

Ep. 23. *On an affected Perſon.*

Becauſe what's Exc'lent is not common ſeen,
Thou affects as Excellent, an Uncouth Mien,
Fantaſtick Speech, diſtorts and ſcrew'ſt thy Face,
T'extract what is not there, Beauty and Grace.
And yet, to do thee right, thy Parts might paſs,
Didſt thou not ſtrive and ſtrain to be an Aſs;
T'appear a Wonder unto ev'ry Eye,
O'th' meer account of Singularity.
When thou haſt reach'd to that thou doſt aſpire,
Men laugh at Folly, while they it admire.

Ep.

Ep. 24. *On* Balbus.

Balbus, whoſe little Wit his Tongue betrays,
Forward to talk, but knows not what he ſays:
I ask'd, if his Friend *Titus* were alive?
Yes, Faith, ſays he, he *does as yet ſurvive*,
And is the ſame Diogenes *you knew*,
A Don Quixot, *like him, the World can't ſhew.*

Ep. 25. *On* Cotta.

Buſineſs thou'ſt none at Court, nor Place doſt hold;
Yet none there's ſeen ſo buſie and ſo bold;
At Entertainments of the King and Queen,
Where all forbidden are, thou ſtill art ſeen:
Others diſcourſe with one, at moſt with two,
But with th'intire Aſſembly thou'ſt to do;
Swiftly thou mak'ſt thy way through all the Preſs,
Like ſome important new-arriv'd Expreſs;
And whiſper'ſt one, another doſt embrace,
Kiſſeſt a third, all in a Moments ſpace.
Secrets of all Cabals thou canſt relate,
As if thou wert o'th' Cabinet of State:

The King does favour thee, the Great ones call
Thee Intimate and Friend: But that's not all,
Such Places ſhall be thine, when firſt they fall.
After full thirty Years thus ſpent, and more,
We ſee thee ſtill Impertinent and Poor,
Single-ſoul'd *Cotta*, as thou wert before.

Ep. 26. *To* Fabius.

Far wide thy Arrow roveth from the Spot,
Who think'ſt poor Idiot *Lob*, the greateſt Sot:
'Tis airy *Tim*, that's full of Tongue and Spright;
Who, cauſe himſelf, thinks all he does Delight;
Who travell'd has, acquired alſo Arts;
A Precious Fool muſt be a Man of Parts;
Have ſomething Good to ſpoil, ſome taſte o'th' School,
An Empty Dolt, ne'er made an Exc'lent Fool.

Ep. 27. *On* Nævia.

Nævia ill-bred, ill-faſhion'd, and ill-fac'd,
Not more by *Plutus*, than by *Venus* grac'd.
Her Mother not more Wiſe, than ſhe was Fair,
Having a Friend in Court, wou'd place her there;
And thus be-ſpoke him. *'T has been often ſeen,*
Great Fortunes they have reach'd, to ſerve the Queen.

To

To make her Maid of Honour, ſhall we try?
The Courtier, but no Flatt'rer, did reply,
Yes; if 'twou'd do her Buſineſs, to make Sport,
For the Deform'd and Poor are Jeſts at Court.

Ep. 28. *On* Demetrius.

Demetrius fam'd for ev'ry Martial Fear,
And in the Wars of *Venus* no leſs Great,
Engag'd in amorous Conflicts ſev'ral Days,
The Myrtle Wreath to win, as well as Bays,
The Stratagem of Sickneſs did deviſe,
His abſence from his Father to diſguiſe;
Who when to ſee him came upon the place,
Phryne ſhot forth with more than Star-like Grace.
How is't *Demetrius?* ſaid his Father then,
Your Health's, I hope, return'd to you again.
Dem.] *The Feaver's gone, held me ſome time before.*
The King repli'd, I met It at the Door.

Ep. 29. On a Blockhead Serving-man.

One thus did ſpeak, by his Experience taught,
To a Young Gallant, that but little thought.

You take a Servant, now to France *you go,*
Who of the Tongue, and Country, nought does know;
You had as good even a Dumb Beaſt *to take,*
A Valet of our Horſe, or Spaniel, make.
The Servant, whom theſe words at home did ſtay,
Repli'd, (his Foe as ſharply to repay,)
Your ſelf is a Dumb Beaſt, *for what you ſay.*

Ep. 30. *On* Phryne, *accus'd before the* Athenian *Senate.*

None hated *Phryne*, *Phryne* ever ſaw,
However wrong'd, endanger'd her by Law;
Strangers they were, ſuch Crimes of hers did urge,
No Pow'r of Rhetorick cou'd the Guilty purge.
Her non-pluſt Patron yet had this reſerve,
When's Art did fail, his Client to preſerve.
Tropes he renounc'd, and Arguments did wave,
And made the Fair One her fair ſelf to ſave.

My Lords, he cry'd, 'tis fit that you ſhould know
Whom you condemn, e'er you to Judgment go.
And from her charming Face the Veil then drew,
From whence ſuch flaſhing Beams of Beauty flew,

Such

Such Fulgor, Sweetneſs, from her radiant Eyes,
As all with Love and Wonder did ſurpriſe!
The Charge ſhe ſcatter'd like a metling Cloud,
That vainly ſeeks the mid-day's Sun to ſhroud.
Judges and Plaintiffs unto her did bow,
Her Plea admit, and Innocence allow.
In Words they did not, but in Heart decree,
A Crime, in ſuch Perfection, cou'd not be.
That ſhe eſcap'd, or was abſolv'd, to ſay,
Wou'd wrong her Fame; ador'd ſhe went away.

Ep. 31. *To* Silus.

I muſt confeſs, thy ways I do deſpiſe,
But never branded them, nor thee, with Lies:
Such are the Arts of Cowardize, and Fear,
Tho' thee I Scorn, yet Honour I revere.

Ep. 32. *To a Friend.*

Thou urgeſt ſtill the Roughneſs of my Verſe,
Think'ſt this Defect, thou never canſt rehearſe
Enough, altho' confeſs'd: But doſt contend,
All's nought I write, unleſs this Fault I mend:

And to convince me, thou doſt ſay yet more,
The Age ſlights Martial's *ſelf upon the Score;*
And twenty Verſes flat, but ſmoothly writ;
Preferr to all his high Pretence to Wit.
It is enough: Theſe words have made me wiſe;
The Cenſure fear'd before, I now deſpiſe.
In his defence, or mine, I'll nothing ſay,
But theſe his well-weigh'd Lines before thee lay.

Ep. 33. *Martial*, Lib. 2. Ep. 86. *Ad Claſſicum.*

Quod nec carmine glorior ſupino,
Nec retro lego Sotaden cinædum,
Nuſquam Græcula quod recantat Echo,
Nec dictat mihi luculentus Attis
Mollem debilitari Galliambon:
Non ſum, Claſſice, tam malus Poëta.
Quid ſi graciles vias Petauri
Invitum jubeas ſubire Ladam?
Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.
Scribat carmina circulis Palæmon:
Me raris juvat auribus placere.

Ep.

Ep. 34. *Engliſhed.*

That I Acroſticks glory not to write;
In Verſes backward read take no delight;
Make not the Eccho in my Verſes play,
After the Grecian *Poet aſt'ring way:*
Nor yet ſoft melting Numbers ſo reſpect,
As more the Chime, than ev'n the Senſe t' affect:
So bad a Poet, as theſe ways to take,
I am not Claſſicus. *What Hire would make*
Lada, *for Swiftneſs fam'd, ſo meanly ſtoop,*
To leave the Race, and tumble thro' a Hoop?
Diſgrace it is unto a Poet's Name,
Difficult Toys, to make his higheſt Aim:
The Labour's fooliſh, that does rack the Brains,
For things have nothing in them, but much Pains.
Let Gallus *Chant, while the Rout make a Ring,*
To choiceſt Ears I only joy to ſing.

With theſe I cloſe, and not with thy Pretence,
Smoothneſs I'll aim at, but ſecure good Senſe:
For what avails it others Praiſe to gain,
While my Performance I my ſelf diſdain?

Ep. 35. *To* Plancus.

Thou often, *Plancus*, proudly doſt complain,
While thou the Company wou'dſt entertain
With ſomething of Delight, or elſe of Weight,
Some piece of Learning, Wit, or Point of State;
Demas turns all Diſcourſe to what he wears,
Or eats, how with the Stone and Gout he fares,
His Iſſue runs, to Stool how oft he goes.
What wou'dſt thou have? He ſpeaks of all he knows.

Ep. 36. *To* Paulus.

As Beauty all in general do love,
Yet Men the want of it in ſome approve;
On the Deformed ſet no common Price,
As thoſe who give beſt Caution againſt Vice,
Their Vertue can make good with leaſt ado,
Becauſe they've nothing elſe to truſt unto.

Ep. 37. *On* Lesbia.

Becauſe fair *Cloris* exc'lent Verſes writ,
And, 'bove her Beauty, fam'd was for her Wit;

As

As if to make a Poet nought did need,
But to reſolve to be one, and to ſpeed;
Thou took'ſt a Pen, and ſett'ſt thy ſelf to write;
That is, unſpotted Paper didſt beſh----
For to expreſs thy ſenſleſs ſottiſh Stuff,
Nought can be ſaid, that's barbarous enough.
Wer't thou bewitch'd? *I ſought*, thou ſaiſt, *for Fame.*
And of the greateſt Fool thou'ſt got the Name.

Ep. 38. *To the Great.*

As thou art Great, aim at as great a Name,
They'd need be Good, whom no one dares to blame.

Ep. 39. *On* Mævius.

In refin'd Language, and in Mode's thy Pride,
That all thy Verſe in flowing Numbers glide,
Thy Wit abounds: But then thou doſt not ſee,
That theſe ought all ſubſervient to be,
T'improve and grace a well-conceiv'd Deſign,
'Twas this that made the Ancients Works Divine.
Wit, for it ſelf, theſe Sages did deride,
Reaſon they made their Pole-Star, and their Guide;

What

What nought promoted, idle was, or vain,
What Nature did diſtort, or over-ſtrain,
They held the Iſſue of a doating Brain.
'Gainſt Laws of Prudence they did ne'er rebel,
To make their Fancies, by ſuch means, excel.
Their Heroes ſtill were Men, however brave;
Perform'd great things, and yet they did not rave.

A huffing Phantom, ſtrain'd to th'higheſt Note,
Senſleſs and ranting, nought but Mouth and Throat
Thou fondly fram'ſt, who does a while amaze,
But Boys do laugh at, while they on him gaze.
In *Shakeſpear* read the Reaſon mixt with Rage,
When *Brutus* with fierce *Caſſius* does engage
In loud Expoſtulations in the Tent,
The heights of Paſſion, Turns, and the Deſcent
Obſerve, and what thou'rt likely to deſpiſe,
Is that in which th'Excellence chiefly lies.

Th'Ancients, when a Beauty they'd expreſs,
The Graces ſummon'd the fair Piece to dreſs.
A Figure, *Indian*-like, thou doſt expoſe,
With Jewels dangling at her Lips and Noſe,

Her

Her Cheeks bor'd-thro' for Pearl and Rings of Gold,
Spoiling what Nature did Divine unfold.
But if ſhe Gorg'ous be, with Riches flaunt,
No Comelineſs in her, thou think'ſt does want.
All Wit miſplac'd, the Subject does diſgrace,
Like Gold that's carv'd into a lovely Face.
The Poets Art, not all that read, diſcry
It like a Soul couch'd in each Limb does lye,
Seen by its Pow'r, not ſubject to the Eye.
A cry'd-up Wit unto old *Hobbs* did ſay,
Virgil nor *Homer* did deſerve the Bay;
And gave this Reaſon. 'Cauſe he could not meet
One *Epigram*, in turning twenty Sheet.
Before you judge, ſaid he, go, Sot, to School,
Turn them all o'er, not once they'll play the Fool.
Think'ſt thou ſuch Droll their matchleſs Works wou'd crown,
Which joyns in one the Hero and the Clown.

Ep. 40. *On the Ungrateful.*

Arriv'd to Wealth, old Friends thou wilt not know,
Leaſt what they gave thee Poor, thou Rich ſhould'ſt owe.

Ep.

Ep. 41. *On a Hanger on upon the Court.*

Altho' 'mong thoſe that know thee in the Court,
Thou only art the ſubject of their Sport.
Yet that to others thou may'ſt ſomething ſeem,
Thy old Acquaintance thee advanc'd may deem;
On thy Employs thou greatly doſt enlarge,
As if the King's prime Dog were in thy Charge;
Wiſe and ſhrewd Looks aſſum'ſt, a States-man's Pace,
A thouſand Fools, proclaiming in thy Face.

Ep 42. *On the ſame*

While thou didſt Prate of thoſe of high Degree,
Would'ſt ſeem Familiar with the Beſt to be,
One paſſing by with Coals upon his Back,
Fleering and Nodding, ſaid, *How doſt thou Jack?*

Ep. 43. *On the Rich and Covetous.*

O Wretch! whoſe Wealth o'erflows, and yet is ſcant;
Who, all thou haſt not, and thou haſt doſt want;
Whoſe thirſt of Gold, no Mines of Gold can ſwage,
The more it gets, the more it ſtill does rage.

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou be rich? Content, than Wealth, is more;
Not who has little, but who wants, is Poor:
The *Cynick* nothing had, nor ought did need,
Yet him in Riches he did far exceed,
Who unto endleſs Conqueſts did aſpire,
And having one, more Worlds did yet deſire.

Ep. 44. *On the habitually Vicious.*

Where Vice is lov'd, and in time Nature made,
To tax it, ſeems even Nature to upbraid,
And not the Man: Whom if you guilty ſhow,
He thinks you do not find, but make him ſo;
Malice, not Truth, againſt him does conſpire,
That Innocent he is, the Charge a Lyer.
Did *Martial* then, a thouſand Years ago,
Belye thy Follies, and thy Perſon know?
Yet he with Spleen, this day againſt thee writ,
Perhaps not half ſo home thy Follies hit.
But a ſtrong Fort more eaſie 'tis to ſtorm,
Than Vice, that's rooted deeply, to reform.

Ep. 45. *On a Coward Enemy.*

A Coward, and withall a proſp'rous Foe,
All Tyrants does in Cruelty out-go;
Politick Fear Tyrants excite to hate,
Their Wrath y'appeaſe, when you ſecure their State:
But Coward-Malice nothing can aſſwage,
When it is ſafe, the more it then does rage;
Like Fire it burns, while there is any Fuel,
The Nature 'tis of Baſeneſs, to be Cruel.

Ep. 46. *On Sin and Sorrow.*

Sin firſt the World with Sorrow did annoy,
But bred a Child, the Parent does deſtroy.

Ep. 47. *To a Friend, to whom he ſent the foregoing* Epigrams *for a New-Years-Gift.*

I have no Turky from the Coop to ſend,
Nor Fatling of the Flock, my deareſt Friend;
Nor heap of Coin expect, when I do ſay,
I for a Preſent here before you lay,
All that this *Chriſtmas* I have got by Play.

Ep.

Ep. 48. *On* Epulo.

Thou know'ſt all Sauce, and Pickles, that are good,
How wiſe thou art in Poiſon, not in Food.

Ep. 49. *On* Paula.

Paula, when ever ſhe ſits down to eat,
A favorite Lap-Dog on each Hand does ſeat;
The Children are at greater diſtance plac'd,
And than the Brutes, in all reſpect, leſs grac'd;
Which with choice Bits ſhe faileth not to treat,
While th'others have the courſeſt of the Meat,
Children ſo Hopeful, Charming, and ſo Fair,
No Wealth, no Jewels, can with ſuch compare!
But theſe as Burdens ſhe beholds and Clogs.
Were theſe her Iſſue, or the little Dogs?

Ep. 50. *To thoſe that ſink under Evils.*

Why doſt complain, The preſent Age is Bad?
Unto the Good nothing can fall out Sad.
Why do Intemp'rate Seaſons thee deject?
The God that Plagues, his Servants doth Protect.

Why

Why doſt thou grieve to ſee protracted Wars?
To inward Peace of Mind theſe are no Bars.
Why Sigh to hear, the Bad the Good oppreſs?
Innocence carries in it ſelf Redreſs.
Deſpond the Churches danger to behold?
Truſt unto Heaven its own, what's thy Part, hold.
No evil ought diſturb a Juſt Man's Reſt,
Who knows what Providence effects, is beſt.
With Thanks receive all Bleſſings that ſucceed,
But when with-held, them likewiſe do not need.

Ep. 51. *On* Lelia.

If Wrinckles, rotten Teeth, and purchas'd Hair,
If Paint and Patches make a Woman Fair,
I know not one with *Lelia* may compare.
If Youth it ſpeaks, where Folly does abound;
In all the World not One's more youthful found.

Ep. 52. *On Ignorant Undertakers.*

A wretched Dauber durſt preſume to ſhow
His Work to *Zeuxis*, withall let him know,

By

By way of Boaſting, rather than excuſe,
One day alone did, what he ſaw, produce.
I ſhould have thought ſo, had I not been told,
The exc'lent Artiſt ſaid; *But I grow old*
Upon a Piece. The Skillful beat their Brains
For what they do; But where t'imploy their Pains
The Ignorant know not: Who cannot Judge,
Can nought improve, however they ſhall drudge;
What they do firſt, tho' ne'er ſo vile, muſt ſtand,
They add but Folly by the Second Hand.
Ceaſe then to think, thy mean Productions, Wit,
As well thou may'ſt applaud what thou doſt Spit.

Ep. 53. *On the gay Ladies of the Time.*

When this fair Crew had canvaſt ev'ry Dreſs,
What moſt becoming was, and what was leſs:
The next Diſcourſe was, Who did moſt excel
In Brav'ry, 'mong the Gallants bear the Bell.
One ſaid, My young Lord *D*'s from Travel come,
In whom you may all Grace and Vertue ſumm!
It was repli'd, I pitty thy dim Sight.
What's he to *Hart* or *Moon*? The reſt ſaid, Right.

Ep. 54. *On a Gentleman-Beggar.*

A Bold Unknown ſaid, *Probus*, you are old,
Yet I'll preſume your Duty to unfold.
Nothing, like Bounty, does your Years become,
This Grace alone, all Graces in't does ſumm.
Be't ſo, I ſaid, yet I'd be glad to know,
On whom it is my Bounty I beſtow.
Is't on your ſelf? This way ſhall I expreſs
All Grace in one; relieving your Diſtreſs?
Vouchſafe me your Certificate, I pray:
Or Vertue is't, you blindly to obey?
Here, hum and ha, was all he had to ſay.

Ep. 55. *On* Severus.

When 'tis anothers Grief, in ſtrength w' abound,
But when our own, alas, we weak are found.

Ep. 56. *On our Philoſophical Atheiſts.*

Great Lords of Senſe, who can no way digeſt,
What in the Sacred Volume is expreſt,

That

That an Eternal God the World did frame;
From Divine Pow'r and Wiſdom all things came;
To you 'tis clearer, all from Matter roſe,
The Dregs o'th'World, did the whole World compoſe;
Plants, Angels, Animals, Sun, Moon and Stars,
Nay, what we God do call, to th'Knocks and Jars
Of Atoms, and their blund'ring Motions owe
Their Forms and Beings, theſe did all beſtow.
Th'accurate Syſtem of the Heaven and Earth,
Howe'er ſtupend'ous, from hence took its Birth;
Opificer had here no Hand, but Chance,
All was produc'd by a blind rambling Dance.
(O bleſſed Trinity! when ſuch things I hear,
How eaſie does thy Myſtery appear.)
But all wiſe Men Creation do diſclaim,
For out of Nothing, Nothing ever came.
Be't ſo; as far as Nature's Pow'r does reach.
Tho' this o'er-throws, what they before did teach:
For Life, from what it ſelf was dead, they bring;
Make wiſe Contrivance, from no Thought to ſpring.
But nothing, as abſurd, the Men decry,
But what abets and proves a Deity.

Omniſcience they, as Nonſence, do deſpiſe,
Omnipotent Pow'r, infinitely Wiſe,
Preſcience, general Providence o'er all,
Flatteries of God, by brainleſs Heads, they call.
Such Attributes no Mortal can conceive,
But were invented Idiots to deceive.

O wond'rous Reaſoning! O convincing Plea!
A narrow Bucket can't contain the Sea;
Therefore there's none. Brutes may as well deny,
What does tranſcend their dull Capacity.
Retire into your ſelves, go there to School,
At home you'll find, and not abroad the Fool:
That either Singularity and Pride
Makes you, what others do revere, deride:
Or elſe the Reaſon is, no God you own,
Your impious Lives require there ſhou'd be none.

Ep. 57. *On the Cruel to a Dumb Creature.*

A poor Dumb Creature, thou i'th' Heart didſt find,
Sorely to wound, not doing to thy Mind:
Inhumane 'twas, thus to torment a Brute:
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſpar'd, what with thy ſelf did Suit.

Ep.

Ep. 58. *On a tatter'd Gallant.*

As I attended in the Temple-walk,
I ſaw a Thing, which to it ſelf did talk.
A Phantome I, at firſt, did it ſuppoſe;
But Man of Fleſh, the Windows in his Clothes
Reveal'd, the dangling Snake-like Wig he wore,
Which ſeem'd not bought, but reſcu'd from the Store
Caſt out for Compoſt, where, 'tis like, he found
Both Gloves and Shooes, for which he did compound
By leaving worſe; his whole in this is ſpoke,
The beſt of's Wardrobe was a * *Plimouth* Cloak.
Brave and Garbato yet, in ſuch Attire,
He bore himſelf, and ſeem'd himſelf t'admire.
With a ſhort turn, cocking his waining Hat,
Snipt like the Moon, halo'd with Sweat and Fat;
Much nearer than I wiſh'd, he by me ſat:
And fixing on me firm, and ſtedfaſt Eyes,
Said, Sir, Contemn not this my outward Guiſe.
My days have better been, tho' now alas,
I thus accouter'd am: But let that paſs;

* A Cudgel.

I crave your help---T'impart I made no ſtay,
Him to aſſiſt, and mine own Ranſom pay.
But ſearching with what Coin I did abound,
Some Farthings only, and two Crowns I found.
On which I ſaid, your Want I can't relieve,
Theſe are too much, and theſe too mean to give.
He ſuffer'd me to ſearch my Pockets o'er,
But when he ſaw I 'gan put up my Store,
And no Hopes left of getting any more,
Kind Sir, ſays he, *my Humour you miſtake,*
Although a Gentleman, I Farthings take.
Soon as his Clout with ſuch Recruit was fraught,
He ſail'd away, and ſtraight new Ventures ſought.

Ep. 59. On a weak Poet.

That many give thy Verſe a high Applauſe,
Thy Treats, and not their Exc'lence, is the cauſe;
Thoſe who eat freely at thy ſumptuous Board,
The Praiſe, thou like'ſt, not what is due, afford.
This known, thou ſay'ſt, the matter to amend,
They're good for three, no great things does't pretend.

But

But who, to publiſh ought, takes up his Pen,
Muſt that produce, that's Good to other Men.

Ep. 60. To a Friend.

That on thy Themes I'd write thou oft doſt pray,
And think'ſt it ſtrange, in all I not obey.
When mine own Fancy does not me excite,
I cannot then command my ſelf to write.

Ep. 61. Gutta cavat lapidem----

Boaſt on the Senceleſs Enemies of *Rome*,
By ancient Canons that our Church you doom
A plain Uſurper, Forger, and a Cheat,
While you Confute, 'tis we that do Defeat:
For vainly you contend, you've won the Field,
Of thoſe, who broken, never yet do yield:
But ſhatter'd Arguments retrieve ag'in,
Baffle'd a thouſand times, and with them win;
Set hard our Face, with the ſame Weapons fight,
And carry Captives off, ev'n in your ſight,
Our greateſt Leaders foil'd, we nothing care,
Tho' *Bellarmine*, and *Perron*, worſted are.

Each petty Prieſt can what they urge recite,
Which ever's new to a weak Proſelyte.
Incredible it is, how great a Feat
The ſame words work, when often but repeat.
We are the Church, without all proof, we ſay:
But ſaying often, we do win the day.
Vainly you truſt, your Books your Foes have ſped,
They're words prevail, what's writ is rarely read.

Ep. 62. *On the ſame.*

Your Pains, to ſhew our Errors, we deride;
That to explain, induſtriouſly we hide.
You fondly aim, at what can ne'er be done,
A Pope we'd Poiſon, were he to be won.

Ep. 63. *On* Quintus.

When thou luxuriouſly doſt drink and eat,
And know'ſt the Gout thou ſwallow'ſt with thy Meat;
Yet in thy Pains thou never doſt expreſs
Any diſlike to thy belov'd Exceſs:
But leſt thou *Sacred Gluttony* ſhould'ſt wrong,
Blam'ſt a cold Night, or ſay'ſt, I ſtood too long.

Ep.

Ep. 64. *On the ſame.*

Thou termeſt Hunger, the moſt ſharp Diſeaſe,
Did not its Remedy as highly pleaſe:
Hungry, thou ſay'ſt, Provide me what is good,
Search me the Air, the Foreſt, and the Flood.
This Flux and Surfeits often does procure,
Thou fear'ſt them not, thou haſt for them a Cure;
Thy *Roſa-Solis*, but for theſe, were loſt,
Gelly, and all the Cloſet's precious coſt;
Many good things Diſtempers bring in play.
Thus eating breeds, and drives thy Griefs away.
That Faſting's good, 'twere Treaſon here to ſay.

Ep. 65. *On an Idle Perſon.*

Thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, revell'ſt, fare'ſt ſplendidly,
Yet that thou liv'ſt, there's many do deny.

Ep. 66. To Sylvius.

That I for Hawking do ſo little care,
For hunting of the Fox, the Stag, or Hare,

Thou

Thou wond'reſt. But to ſpeak the truth to thee,
Hunting, a Mad-man's Journey, ſeems to me.

Ep. 67. *On a Father and his Son.*

A Father chaſing at his Son's lewd Courſe,
With Paſſionate words, but thoſe of little force,
Repeated oft, *Have you nought elſe to tend,*
But on a Beaſtly Whore your time to ſpend?
(Again,) *On a baſe Whore your time to ſpend?*
The Son, as if h'ad chid him on the Score
Of his ill Choice; his Words unreas'lier bore,
And grumbling ſaid, *The Whore was a good Whore.*

Ep. 68. *On* Fulvia *and* Silvia.

Fulvia of late a bluſt'ring Viſit made,
In Jewels, Points, and Richeſt Stuffs array'd:
She alarm'd all the Room with her approach,
Her Brav'ry made a Ruſling like her Coach;
And the whole Chambers did with Odours fill,
Which when her ſelf withdrew, remained ſtill:
As on a Comet all on her did gaze,
But none ſhe won, tho' all ſhe did amaze.

Silvia,

Silvia, ſhe gone, ſucceeded without Noiſe,
Attended only by a thouſand Joys
And Native Sweets, which whereſo'er ſhe goes,
The more ſhe'd vail, the more themſelves diſcloſe.
Her Garments plain, her Beauty bright did ſhine;
Her Mein was Charming, and her Grace Divine;
So winning and obliging her Addreſs,
She ſpoke to none ſhe ſeemed not to bleſs.
Fulvia's proud Pomp, may ſome courſe Thoughts em-
Where they both meet, ſhe is but *Silvia*'s Foil. (broil.
Beauty's a Myſt'ry, not the Fair and Tall
Expound, tho' Rich and Potent there-withall.

Ep. 69. *On* Cloe.

Thou'rt mean in Feature, always rich in Clothes,
Which do not mend, but thy Defects expoſe,
Thou ſay'ſt, when thou'rt moſt brave, I laugh or ſcoul,
A Jeſt, or ominous, all Men count an Owl.

Ep. 70. *On* Fulvia.

Thy Beauty thou doſt boaſt, and much admire,
They burn few elſe, who ſet themſelves on fire.

Ep.

Ep. 71. *On the ſame.*

If, *Fulvia*, thou a thouſand years ſhould'ſt live,
This Crime in me thou never cou'd'ſt forgive,
That *Silvia* I preferr'd. How wert thou pleas'd?
How was thy Pride and boiling Choler eas'd,
When late I ſaw a Gallant hold each hand,
Three more bare-headed walk at thy command?
Thou didſt preſume the Sight my Envy ſtirr'd.
Juſt as when Flyes do buz about a T----

Ep. 72. *On* Poſthumus.

I early waited, and ſome Suters more,
The op'ning firſt of the King's Chamber-door;
From whence came forth a Goodly Sir to ſee,
Bulky, and ſeeming of no low Degree.
He turn'd him round, as he a ſurvey took,
But rather ſeem'd to over-look, than look.
Him to inform me, I did humbly pray,
If ſuch a Lord in the King's Chamber lay.
He gloted on me, but made no reply,
And of a Comrade ask'd, who there ſtood by,

Shall

Shall we to Breakfaſt have the thing you know?
And ſtrait into the Chamber back did go.
I blam'd my ſelf, that I the Rule had broke
Of Diſtance, to ſo great a Perſonage ſpoke.
When, to my wonder, he return'd again,
Took up a Broom, without the leaſt diſdain,
Dogs-Turds and Bones into a Shovel ſwept,
But ſtill his former State and Grandure kept.

Ep. 73. *On* Thais.

In vain thou me, like others, would'ſt bewitch:
A Flower thou art, but grow'ſt in ev'ry Ditch.

Ep. 74. *On* Galla.

Galla wears rich Clothes, bears her ſelf with Pride,
Strange Arts! yet us'd great Poverty to hide.
But while ſhe wou'd a Lover thus betray,
With too much coſt and noiſe her Lime-twigs lay,
She does not catch, but frights away the Prey.

Ep.

Ep. 75. On my Cenſurer.

My Epigrammick Vein thou doſt deſpiſe,
And by thy Scorn, expect'ſt to make me wiſe;
Where it would bear it, if thou didſt approve,
Then ſome Example give, that were above
My mean Eſſays; thou'd'ſt profit by ſuch treat,
Praiſe and Ambition make a Poet great.

Ep. 76. *On* Balbus.

Balbus, who boldly in his Life had taught,
The Soul no real Subſtance was, nor ought
But the Reſult of Matter organiz'd,
Diſſolv'd with it; their Theorem deſpis'd,
(As Nonſence in more ſpecious Terms diſguis'd)
Who it a Being did Immortal make,
Found after Death, too late, his ſad miſtake;
When real Fiends his living Soul did hale
To Hell, and all his Sophiſtry did fail;
When he beheld the Ghoſt without the Glaſs,
He firſt confeſs'd, h'ad reaſon'd like an Aſs.

Surly

Surly yet ſtill, and froward 'mong the dead,
To's once deny'd Tormentors thus he ſaid.

Forbare accurſed and ungrateful Crew,
Who, like to me, both of your Prince and you
Has ſo deſerv'd? Who e'er did ſo refel
What Men believ'd of God, of Heaven, and Hell?
And while I rediculd a Sinners Fate,
I vaſtly have enlarg'd th' Infernal State.
'Tis true, ſome Ancients did before me write,
But weakly 'twas, and in an Age of Night,
Not when Truth triumph'd in Meridian height.

The Fiends did here with feign'd Obeyſance bow,
And all he ſpoke with Rev'rent Mien allow,
Told him, to their Dread Lord's Emperial Throne
Their Orders were to bring him; where alone
Grandees o' th' Realm allowed were their Grace,
To ſhare his Honours, and to ſee his Face;
And doubted not, their King to him would doom
A Crown of Flames, even 'bove ſome Popes of *Rome*.

Ep.

Ep. 77. *On a Debauchee.*

Probus, *thou'rt dull and lumpiſh, thou doſt ſay:*
Take a briſk Cup, if me thou wilt obey,
And a warm----in thy cold Boſom lay.

And canſt thou too ſecure this double fear?
Hell ward of, next Life, and Infamy here?

Ep. 78. *To* Laurentius.

Wou'd'ſt thou be Happy? Innocence embrace;
To Death, than Sin, chuſe rather to give place;
God's ever there, where Goodneſs does abound,
And Heaven, be ſure, where ever God is found.

Ep. 79. *On* Sextus.

Thou ſay'ſt, thou haſt of Vice the deepeſt Senſe,
But this a Blind is only, and Pretence;
Thou'd'ſt have it thought, when Partridge thou doſt (eat,
Thou purchas'd them as cheap as common Meat;
When thou art Drunk, what of the Caſe to think
Thou doſt not know, thou didſt but ſo much drink.

Thou

Thus Vice thou hate'ſt, but with it doſt diſpence,
And thy whole Life's Apology, and Offence.
Knaves ſell falſe Wares, Mountebanks uſe Deceit,
But none, like Thee, Himſelf did ever cheat.

Ep. 80. *On a Court-Paraſite.*

Some Skill it asks to Hammer out this Tool,
His Wit is mean, but far he's from a Fool:
A Faſhionable Knave does ſpeak him beſt,
To which he'll anſwer put upon the Teſt.
Vertue, Religion, Honeſty, he Scorns,
Holds nought, like Impudence, a Man adorns;
The Modeſt ſlights, tho' Noble of Degree,
And thinks himſelf their better far to be;
Dares ſuch with his Buffoonery to treat,
Even all, by whom he fears not to be beat:
Lewdneſs he lives by, Vice is his Support,
To make what's Sacred and Divine his Sport;
None at the Board's ſo loud, ſo much commands,
On all that's Rare, ſo boldly lays his Hands.
He'll call an Earl an Aſs, and yet he can,
Tho' Saucy here, flatter the Serving-man;

Whoſe Anger, than his Lords, he more does ſhun,
Finding his Favour harder to be won;
For theſe do oft affront intruding Gueſts,
Like not their taking on them, nor their Jeſts.
The Gen'rous Scorn ought 'gainſt him to attempt,
As Vertue others guard, ſo him Contempt.
But when ſuch lewd Diſeaſes of the Court,
The Makers, and the Subjects of its Sport,
Grow Old, and Sick, on their laſt Beds do lye,
Like Dogs o'th' Game worn out, neglected dye.

Ep. 81. *On a decay'd Beau.*

Decrepid I am grown, and more my Purſe,
I ſeek not now a Miſtreſs, but a Nurſe.
Solicitous I was rare Stuffs to chooſe,
And richeſt Points; I'm now to mend my Shooes.

Ep. 82. *On* Diſſolutus.

When thy cloſe Follies, and thy Vice take wind,
And many Tongues drawn on thee thou doſt find,

Thou

Thou rav'ſt and rail'ſt without all Aim or Wit,
And think'ſt, by calling Rogue and Dog, doſt fit
Thy juſt Reprovers, tho' theſe Stones none hit.
How e'er this way thou tak'ſt to eaſe thy Smart,
And thus reveng'd, thou cheereſt up thy Heart.
Alas, 'tis Truth, not Words, the Guilty wring,
Ungrounded Slanders, bear with them no Sting.

Ep. 83. *None do their Duty.*

Who all he ought performs, where is the Man?
Moſt Think 't too much, to do the Good they can.

Ep. 84. *To* Feſtus.

To thee an Epigram a Satyr ſeems,
That is, an allow'd Libel thou it deems,
Follies, thou ſay'ſt, they ever ſet in view,
Which in particular Perſons are found true.
He that ſhall feign a Vice was never known,
Indeed, by doing ſo, will injure none;
But then this Error he does not deſcry,
As he no Libel writes, he writes a Lye.

That which in Nature to no Eye appears;
And merits to be crown'd with Aſſes Ears.
He ſees not too, while his o'er-cautious Mind
Is none to gall, he ſlanders all Mankind.
While in true Colours who does Vice expoſe,
But to Contempt does no Man's Name diſcloſe,
(In that all Vice in many does agree)
Tho' ſome are ſtung, all from Diſgrace does free.
The Crime, 'tis true, is ſet in broadeſt Light,
But ſtill the Man's unknown, and out of ſight.
And who ſhall ſay, ſuch Verſes him expreſs?
While no way charg'd, he does his Guilt confeſs.

Ep. 85. *To the ſame.*

I not deny an *Epigram* to be
A *Satyr*; but a *Satyr* unto thee
And *Libel* are the ſame; to tax a Crime,
And Vertue to defame in lewdeſt Rhime
All one; a Vice to ſcourge and to diſgrace,
And Honours nobleſt Monuments deface;
As Satyr Vice expoſes unto ſcorn,
So it no leſs all Vertue does adorn:

And

And as beſt Ages Libellers defame;
Among their *Prieſts* their *Satyriſts* they name.

Ep. 86. *On my Debauch'd Reader.*

Reading my Epigrams, thou ſay'ſt, they lack,
To make them currant paſs, a certain *Knack:*
And Writers ſhould, like Treaters, make't their Care,
To fit all Pallats with all kind of Fare.

The *Knack* thou pointeſt at, ſtrip'd from thy Cant,
In plainer terms is Baud'ry thou doſt want;
And want thou ſhalt: I'll ſet forth no ſuch Feaſt
To pleaſe my Gueſts, which makes my ſelf a Beaſt.
The Lewder Heathen made a Treatment poor,
I'th' end not crowned with a naked Whore.
For what thou ſeek'ſt, into ſome Ancients look,
Or rather in a Brothel, than a Book.

Ep. 87. *To* Sextus.

To eat what's wholſom is my chiefeſt Care,
What pleaſes moſt the Pallate, is thy Fare.
Alas, I beg thy Pardon for my Treat,
Which did thy ſelf, thy Gout, and Stone defeat.

Ep. 88. *On Mens Folly.*

How ſhort is Time unto Eternity?
How ſhort of Time's the Term Men live and die?
How ſhort a part of this do they enjoy
Thoſe things, for which th' Eternal Bliſs deſtroy?
Open your Eyes, 'tis all you have to do,
In being Wiſe, you ſhall be Righteous too.

Ep. 89. *A Reflection on my ſelf.*

Thrice Happy they, who can their Words diſpoſe
With Muſick all the way, and in the Cloſe:
With grateing Harſhneſs I my Thoughts expreſs,
And in a Cynick's rugged Mantle Dreſs,
No Beau, but a *Diogenes*, in Verſe.

Ep. 90. *To* Rufus.

T' excuſe thy Silence, thou doſt oft delight.
Tho' nought to ſay. The Fault were then to write.

Ep.

Ep. 91. *On the Great.*

Thoſe to whoſe Greatneſs all in gen'ral bow,
A Peer in Wiſdom rarely will allow;
But 'cauſe 'tis dang'rous with them to diſpute,
And Men give way, they think they all confute;
And their own Senſe applaud, others deſpiſe,
When they o'er-wean, ſuppoſe that they are wiſe.

Ep. 92. On Miſs Nell.

Pretty Miſs *Nell*, her Mother being dead,
Her Father brought to *London* to be bred.
A Friend, 'mong other Sights, ſhew'd her the Park,
Where ſhe beheld each choice and ruffling Spark
Of either Sex, and gilded Coaches full
Of *Fops*, and *Beaus*, and many a Gold-lace'd *Trull*.
The gaudy Pageantry ſhe did much admire,
And their looſe Courtſhip ſet her Heart on fire
To bear a Part, tho' hopeleſs her deſire.
Returning home, her State ſhe 'gan compare
With what ſh'ad ſeen, and ready to deſpair,

An unknown Hand Relief to her did bring.

I ſaw you, Sweet, ſaid one, *in* Hide-Park-Ring,
In a vile Hackny, with a Bag of Hay,
And Figures at its Tail: If me y' obey,
There's not a gaz'd-at Piece in all the Town,
Shall equal you in Glory and Renown.
She had no ſtrength 'gainſt ſuch a powerful Spell,
But cloſed ſtraight, and bid no one farewel.

E'er many days did paſs, the Country-Girl
Was richly Coach'd, ſet by a bare-head Earl.
Her flaunting Gallantry you might ſee a-far,
Whore now her ſelf, a *Wonder*, and a *Star*.

Ep. 93. *On* Silvia.

When lately I thy charming words did hear,
I vainly ſought to make them ſo appear,
Repeating them: But I did quickly ſee
They charming were, 'cauſe they were ſpoke by thee.

Ep. 94. *On* Amarillis.

Looſe *Amarillis*, conſcious of her Vice,
Brands all her Sex, even the moſt Chaſt and Nice.

If

If you ſay, *Fulvia* bears a modeſt Brow;
No Modeſty in her ſhe will allow:
That *Marcellina*'s of unblemiſh'd Fame;
She knows with whom ſhe loſt her vertuous Name:
That *Dian*'s ſelf, than *Silvia*'s not more pure;
We err, ſhe ſays, then moſt, when moſt ſecure:
If you ſhou'd reckon up a hundred more,
'Twixt *Woman* ſhe no diff'rence makes, and *Whore*.
In Vertue 'cauſe with none ſhe's equal found,
With Guilt all Womens Honour ſhe'd confound,
To make them ſtand with her on level Ground.

Ep. 95. *On a vain Talker.*

Th' Occurrences o'th' Town, and of the Court,
There's few than thee, ſeem abler to report.
But when thou find'ſt thy Hearers thee admire,
Ambitious ſtill to ſcrew thy Credit higher,
Thou tell'ſt what wiſe Advice thou gav'ſt the King,
How all his Council to thy Senſe didſt bring.
For a ſhrewd Fellow thou before didſt paſs,
Thou art the firſt Wiſdom e'er made an Aſs.

Ep. 96. *Men Praiſe the Young.*

Men frankly Praiſe upon the Young beſtow,
Envy, when they're improv'd, and Elder grow.

Ep. 97. *On Miſs* Nell.

How is't, Miſs *Nelly?* you ſeem wond'rous Sad.
The Wonder is, ſaid ſhe, *I am not Mad.*
I am undone, and by a paultry Jade,
My Lord has caſt me off, and ta'en my Maid.
Think not your Caſe o'er-ſtrange, your Shoulders (ſhrug,
Beauty enjoy'd, is after but a Drug.

Ep. 98. *Miſs* Nell *reveng'd.*

Miſs *Nell*, altho' Forlorn and Diſcontent,
Home to return, her Heart would not conſent:
But after ſome Debate, and inward Strife,
What Courſe to take, 'fore all an Actors Life
Moſt took. In her gay days ſome Plays ſh'ad ſeen,
And the Thought pleas'd, but even to act a Queen.
Her Youth was freſh, her Fault did not impair
Her Beauty, lovely ſhe was ſtill and Fair;

Nor

Nor readier this way ſhe her ſelf t' engage,
Than they concern'd t' admit her on the Stage.
Where while ſhe ſtood a Mute, boldneſs t' acquire,
Th' Aud'ence, 'bove all that ſpoke, did her admire.
And when ſet off w' th' Magick of a Part,
All Eyes ſhe dazel'd, raviſh'd every Heart.
The Houſe, new Plays and Scenes, ſome time might ſpare.
'Twas Call enough, if *Nell* appeared there:
Nor fear'd ſhe now again to be out of date,
Her a new Creature each day did create;
A Nymph, a Goddeſs, Heroine, or Queen,
All which ſhe ſuited with a charming Mein.
And none was found this Idol to adore,
Like her falſe Lord, that ſlighted her before.
He wooes, he offers Land, for Love now dies;
And her Turn 'twas, th' Inconſtant to deſpiſe.

Ep. 99. *To* Albinus.

A Love ſincere, unfeign'd, thou doſt affect,
Thou'ſt Reaſon: But a falſe, if fair, accept,
Thou'lt find no better. If thou haſt to give,
With thoſe, hope from thee, in reſpect thou'lt live;

And

And warm Affection, when thou doſt beſtow,
They will expreſs, but cold they ſtrait will grow.
Truſt unto what thou haſt, there's no ſuch Friend,
Men love themſelves, when others they pretend.

Ep. 100. *On* Cloris.

Art thou the ſhe, whoſe Youth ſo bright did ſhine,
Thou ſeem'dſt no Mortal, but a thing Divine?
No Garden ſmell'd ſo ſweet, had ought ſo fair,
As with thy blooming Graces to compare;
The bluſhing Roſe, thy Cheeks did far ſurpaſs,
But now o'er-ſpread with Bloſſoms of the Glaſs;
Thou belcheſt oft, look'ſt Sottiſh, oft doſt Spit,
Like thoſe o'er-charged in a Drunken Fit:
Thy Eyes, that flaſh'd like Stars, with Humour run,
Thy lovely Shape's transform'd into a Tun.
Thou wert a Field of rich *Arabian* Spice,
A Dunghill now, as once a Paradiſe.
For murdering Beauty, I do thee arraign,
Of a fair Mind for being too the Bane.
What, Wretch, for thy Defence, can'ſt thou alledge,
Thus Guilty found, of double Sacrilege?

Ep.

Ep. 101. *On* Oxford *Friends.*

Beſide, that all I am, to you I owe,
Friends ſo ſincere, I no where elſe did know.
If it be ask'd, wherein ye did excel?
A Volume, not an Epigram, muſt tell.
A Princes Pow'r may to his Will be ſcant,
And ſo might yours, but Love you ne'er did want.

Ep. 102. *On an Unhandſome Woman.*

All thy Defects, thy Wiſdom does ſupply,
Which captivates the Soul, tho' not the Eye.
I am converted, Beauty may be in
A crooked Body, and a tawny Skin.

Ep. 103. *On a Noble Perſon.*

Rais'd for thy Worth unto a high Degree,
Thy chief Ambition is, to let Men ſee
Thy Princes Grace; thy Honour ſo to bear,
As if to earn it, not t'enjoy 't thou were.
T'excite continually thy Noble Blood,
T'advance thy Donors Glory, Countries Good.

While

While thoſe whoſe Vice has rais'd them to high Place,
Think a Proud Port, Greatneſs enough does Grace.

Ep. 104. *On* Baſſus.

Who the Philoſopher does ſo affect,
Comport ſo truly with in ſage Aſpect
As *Baſſus* does? So ſharply who declames
'Gainſt Vice, the trifling'ſt Over-ſights ſo blames?
And then the frailer Sex are moſt his Care,
In Vertues Paths to guide the Young and Fair.
Theſe he inſtructs, chides, of't in fervent Zeal,
Upon their Necks a Spiritual Kiſs will Seal.
But this is far from any Wanton Feat,
But done in Tranſport of a Holy Heat,
When his Reproofs and Counſels are moſt warm,
And far ſurmount the Pow'r of Beauties Charm.
If any ſtart, or a diſlike do ſhow,
What he has done, he leaſt himſelf does know;
Amaz'dly asks, with an aſtoniſh'd Mein,
Not diſcompos'd, while they to Bluſh are ſeen.
Than what he ſeems, nor ſhould I judge him other,
As *Nell* he kiſs'd, if he had kiſs'd her Mother.

Ep.

Ep. 105. *On the Envious.*

Thou lik'ſt what's Mean; if Good, no Grace doſt ſhow,
Thy Praiſe, and Diſpraiſe, both from Envy flow.

Ep. 106. *On* Rodia.

If ought to *Rodia* thou doſt give in Charge,
And leave the thing to her to do at large,
No thought about it ſhe at all will take:
But act like one, that is but half awake.
Knowing of this, if you to her ſhall ſay,
I'd have it done preciſely ſuch a way:
Then ſhe begins to think, each Stone to turn,
Another way to do't, and yours to ſhun.
If this diſpleaſes, ſhe her Caſe bewails,
Thinks you to blame, and that ſhe never fails.
There's no ſo awkward and vexatious Tool,
As an unthinking, or a thinking Fool.

Ep. 107. *To a Noble Wife.*

Thou late a noble Maid, now nobler Wife,
T' excel thy Virgin State's thy worthy Strife:

Not

Not only to tranſcend in Houſhold Care,
In ord'ring of thy Servants and thy Fare,
Which Duties are, but of a low concern,
As thy great Genius is not now to learn.
Thy Gen'rous Lord can none his equal find,
In Body ſo accompliſh'd as in Mind;
And as Heroick Vertues in him ſhine,
Thou art no leſs t' appear a Heroine;
To Mate his Glories, with his Brav'ry vie,
To ſhew thou moveſt in an Orb as high;
And tho' his State, in all does Princely ſhow,
Its brighteſt Luſtre, yet to thee does owe.
A Wonder ſeen; but Silence by thee broke,
To make it thought Vertue and Prudence ſpoke.
When thou obliging Grace doſt all afford,
To ſhew 'twas yet addreſs'd unto thy Lord.
Happy in 's various Bliſs, and largely ſpread,
But above all i' th' Honour of his Bed.

Ep. 108. *On* Regulus.

Thou'rt Great, but beneficial unto none;
A meer Title, but to thy ſelf alone:

Reſem-

Reſembleſt Rocks, which Tow'r unto the Sky,
As barren of all Fruit, as they are high:
Even thoſe thou favour'ſt, and do beſt deſerve,
No happier are, than thoſe thy Picture have.

Ep. 109. *The Grove.*

Rack'd with ſharp Pains, and quite caſt down with (Grief,
Into a Grove I walk'd, to ſeek Relief.
In a cloſe ſhade a wanton Couple lay,
I fled the ſight, as they did fly the day;
And turn'd my ſteps into a pleaſant Glade,
Where the freſh Spring in gorgous Robes array'd,
The Air, the Flow'rs, and charming *Sylvan* Choir,
To make a Paradiſe did all conſpire.
Among the Boughs a wond'rous Bird did ſing.
Brief Joys eternity of Woe do bring;
Which anſwer'd was by one of the like kind,
Suff'rings, tho' ſhort, eternal Bliſs do find.
E'er my diſtracted Thoughts collect I cou'd,
A third Voice ſaid, proceeding from the Wood,
Both Songs are true, if rightly underſtood.

Muſing on what theſe Voices did relate,
I found they Humane Joys and Griefs did ſtate,
Declar'd their preſent Lot, and future Fate.
And tho' my Pains ſtill urg'd me as before,
Home I return'd, and them more eas'ly bore,
And than the *Wantons Bliſs* eſteem'd them more.

Ep. 110. *On a Gentleman-Apprentice.*

A Trade, where Fortune's ſtreight is no diſgrace;
A Worthleſs Beggar-Gentleman is baſe.
When late I ſaw thee in thy Trades Attire,
Thy Axe, thy Apron, Mien, I did admire,
They all to ſet thee up, did ſo conſpire.
Methought thy Father did not thee beget,
But hew'd thee out, for what thou art ſo fit.

Ep. 111. *To the Vertuous.*

'Tis ſaid of *Cæſar*, that he ſet at nought,
The moſt Heroick Actions he had wrought;
And ſtill at Greater aim'd; at the ſame rate
Men Others do, Himſelf did emulate.

In

In Vertues Race the like Ambition ſhew,
Think nothing's done, while more thou haſt to do.
Thoſe that ſtand ſtill, this detriment have found,
They ever loſe, when they advance no Ground;
Cæſar ne'er ſtop'd, till he attain'd a Crown,
And *thou, on this ſide Heaven, wilt ſit inglorious down.*

Ep. 112. *On a Solemn Blockhead.*

Thy Silence thou for Wiſdom would'ſt have paſs,
With me, it ſhall the Braying of an Aſs;
Who loves, the Truth, tho' naked, to diſplay?
Thou hold'ſt thy Tongue, when thou haſt nought to ſay:
But gravely ſit'ſt, haſt thy approving Faces,
And diſapproving, ſuited to both Caſes;
Smil'ſt and contract'ſt thy Brow, mov'ſt oft thy Hand,
And all the while, doſt nothing underſtand.

Ep. 113. *On C. O. being very Ingenious, and dying Young.*

Under this Leaf of Marble I do lie,
Early I liv'd, as early I did die;

As ſoon as I cou'd read, I ſought to know,
Not Childiſh Tales, but how the World did go;
How with the King the Houſes did comply,
What Intereſt *France* unto the *Port* did tie.

The School was my delight, the dread of Boys,
But Sickneſs twice did ſnatch me from thoſe Joys;
My Spirit broke, and kept me ever low,
Where I ſhou'd ſoar, 'twas well if I cou'd go.
A pow'rful Preacher I did more admire,
In Gifts as Place, than's Hearer's mounted higher
Than all the Stages Gauds, and glitt'ring Attire.

In my ninth Year I felt the Flame of Love,
All what that Paſſion had Divine, did prove;
In an Abyſs of Beauty I was loſt,
A brighter Form or Soul none e'er did boaſt,
And none cou'd ſay, which ſpoke the Angel moſt.
Much I experienc'd in my Life's ſhort ſpan,
Some, threeſcore Years ſhew not ſo much of Man,
My days were few, yet I out-liv'd my Date,
Great Care and Love did ſo conteſt with Fate.

Ep. 114. *On a Hector.*

When thou the Peaceful meet'ſt, thou'rt ever brave,
But when a Huffer like thy ſelf, his Slave.
Be not deceiv'd, that many thee forbear,
For Conſcience do't, not out of any Fear.
The Town ſome time thou troubleſt, till at laſt
A Cane or Cudgel all thy Glories blaſt;
A Hector is a Coward yet un-cas'd.

Ep. 115. *On various Readers.*

Some, all they read, deſpiſe; ſome over-rate;
Juſt Praiſe I love, but Scorn and Flatt'ry hate.

Ep. 116. *On Mrs.* Steward Howard.

Who Amber chafes, does nought but Odor find,
Becauſe the Maſs is all of one rich kind:
So who bright (*H.*) ſhall prove, will nought but Grace
And Vertue find, what ſuits a Cherubs Face.
And as the Angels, when on Meſſage ſent,
Did Heaven bear with them, whereſoe'er they went:

She ſuch an Air of Excellence does ſhow,
A Court ſeems with her, nay a Heaven to go.
And when her Beauties near her any draw,
Whom they attract, they alſo keep in awe;
And all they act or ſpeak is mix'd with Fear,
Wrapt, e'er aware, in ſo Divine a Sphere.

Ep. 117. *On* Clodius.

Noble of Birth, in thy Poſſeſſions high,
Courage and Learning none can thee deny;
For greateſt Actions Nature did thee fit,
Graceful in Perſon, piercing in thy Wit:
And yet 'tis ſaid, where thou art underſtood,
Theſe Parts reſtrain no Vice, nor do no Good.

Ep. 118. *On the ſame.*

When ſuch thy Pow'rs, ſo ill-diſpos'd appear,
There ſeems great cauſe, the Publick Peace to fear.
But thoſe who none oblige, are lov'd by none,
And Wickedneſs is weak, when 't ſtands alone.
Cæſar us'd Winning and Heroick Arts;
'Fore *Rome* he won, he reigned in Mens Hearts.

'Tis

'Tis Good and Bad, the dang'rous Man compounds,
Bare Vice, the Perſon, not a State confounds.

Ep. 119. *On our Church-Writers.*

Great Lights o'th' Church, Glory o'th' latter Age!
Who Popiſh Falſhood, and Schiſmatick Rage,
So ſtrongly ſtemm, *Hooker*, *Hammond*, *Uſher*,
Morton, *Andrews*, *Chillingworth* and *Taylor*,
Jackſon, *Patrick*, *Stillingfleet*, *Cudworth*, *More*,
You few I name out of the mighty ſtore,
Not aiming a juſt Cat'logue to recite,
But a ſhort curtail Epigram to write:
And that your Names in Rhime I not rehearſe,
Too Grave they are to gingle in a Verſe.
Nor hope I vainly here t'augment your Fame,
But raiſe mine own, while you I barely name.

Ep. 120. *On* Chillingworth.

Stout Champion of the Truth, *Rome*'s Scourge and (Dread,
Who with ſuch Profit, and ſuch Pleaſure 's read?
None e'er, like thee, her Falſhoods did detect,
Her Frauds and Sophiſms ſo clear diſſect,

Diſmounted from her Beaſt the *Gorgeous Whore*,
And ſhew'd her wallowing in her Filth and Gore.
Nor didſt thou fear her Bravo's mighty Fame,
Hoſius, or *Bellarmine*'s, gigantick Name;
But ſhew'dſt vile Intereſt their Writings ſeaſon,
And that their Purple dazles, not their Reaſon.
And all the way thy Pen does overthrow
The Idol Church, thou doſt divinely ſhow
The reſcu'd Goſpel, ſhining heav'nly bright,
None ever ſet it in a fairer Light.
How ſordid do the various Sects appear,
Papiſts, Scepticks, Atheiſts, *this* Truth when near!
Thoſe who enthron'd themſelves for Power or Wit,
Seem Dunghills to imbrace, or on them ſit.

Ep. 121. *On Dr.* H. Hammond.

Thou great Apoſtle of our later days,
What Pen, what Tongue, what Pow'r, can ſpeak thy (Praiſe?
So Learn'd, ſo Holy, ſo inſtructing Kind,
All who approach'd thee, did Improvement find.
The height of Wit, in all thou ſpok'ſt was found,
Yet thy whole Converſe Piety did bound.

Goodly

Goodly in Perſon, and in outward Grace,
The day ſeem'd brighter, when thou wert in place.
Thy Heart ſo full was fraught, with Thoughts Divine,
They ray'd forth to thy Face, and made it ſhine
Like *Moſes* Horns! Thy Works themſelves muſt ſpeak,
I knew thy Perſon, but I am too weak
Thy Worth unto Poſterity to ſhow;
What for this Sketzo's due, to me they owe.

Ep. 122. *On Dr.* E. Stillingfleet *Biſhop of* Worceſter.

How great, how mighty, *Stillingfleet* 's thy Force!
How like a Giant doſt thou run thy Courſe!
The ableſt Foes, who to oppoſe thee dare,
Thou doſt not only conquer but o'er-bare.
The *Romaniſts* contend it cannot be,
Without the groſſeſt Inconſiſtency,
T' impeach believers of Idolatry.
But them Idolaters thou firmly term'ſt,
Demonſtrating no leſs, what thou affirm'ſt,
That *Rome* does practice *Jeroboam*'s Wile,
Beth-el and *Sion*, ſeek to reconcile.

Thy

Thy Learned Pen does alſo plainly ſhow,
Fanaticiſm unto *Rome* we owe:
This Peſt into the World at firſt did come,
Like other Monſters, from her Fertile Womb.
And daily is improved by her Arts,
Her choiceſt Agents acting in't their Parts.
This Scandal on our Church thou doſt diſplay,
Her Spurious Off-ſpring at her own Doors lay.
As to advance her Pow'r, ſhe does refuſe
No Tyranny, or impious Means, to uſe;
Kings to aſſaſſine, and the World confound;
So ſhe Religion poiſons, where 'tis ſound.

Ep. 223. *On Dr.* Patrick *Biſhop of* Ely.

Moſt Learned, Pious, and moſt Rev'rend Head!
They ſafely walk, are by thy Guidance lead.
Slight Schemes of Art thou leav'ſt, when thou doſt preach,
To thoſe that flouriſh, rather than they teach;
And from thy Lips profoundeſt Truths doſt pour,
Like to St. *Paul*, in a Converting Showre,
Atteſted by the Spirit and its Power.

Not

Not that to Miracles thou doſt pretend,
But Doctrines which paſt Miracles defend.

Ep. 124. *On the Froward.*

Thou'rt ſtill Uneaſie, Chiding, ever vext,
Believ'ſt, for this, thou haſt a juſt Pretext.
Thou ſay'ſt, Thy Servants nought to do thy Mind;
Seek'ſt Peace without, which thou within ſhould'ſt (find.

Ep. 125. *On the ſame.*

Thy Servants thou immod'rately doſt rate
For ſmall Defaults; for coming home too late
Thy Son: Nor does an Hour i'th' day occur,
In which ſome Croſs does not thy Choler ſtir.
Doſt thou believe, none from their Duty ſtray,
But thoſe alone, who ought thee to obey?
Or doſt expect, that ſo the Caſe ſhou'd be;
That Men ſhould move, as of one piece with thee?
Or were it ſo, Did thine own Foot or Hand
Ne'er err, in what thy Will did them command?
Didſt never Buſineſs of Import forget,
Or what concern'd thee highly, e'er omit?

Blame

Blame not thy Servants then, but cure thy Fits;
They act like Men, thou only want'ſt thy Wits.

Ep. 126. *To Atheiſts.*

Why do you God and 's Attributes deny?
His Providence and Precepts ſo decry?
To make you Happy, what can you diſcloſe,
Equal to that his gracious Laws propoſe?
The World, they tell you, he to you has given,
Only he bids you not prefer't to Heaven;
Its Pleaſures he allows you to enjoy,
With this Reſtraint, Do not your ſelves deſtroy:
He 'as made you Lords of all that Nature craves,
But would not have you Slaves, unto your Slaves.

Ep. 127. *To the Poets of the Time.*

No Age 'fore this ſo many Poets bred,
Nor Wit was known to have ſo large a Spread;
Times paſt, who writ, rarely did miſs of Fame,
Good Verſe now's read, and not th' Author's Name;
What Works were then admir'd, and brightly ſhon,
Are now new writ, eclips'd, and far out-done;

The

The Clafficks we not only Engliſh'd ſee,
But whom themſelves *Virgils* and *Ovids* be;
Nor *Pindars*, nor *Lucilius*'s are ſcant,
Plautus and *Sophocles* yet leſs we want,
The Stage was never in ſo high a Flaunt.

But what's defective, and withall more ſtrange,
In this ſo large and bold Poetick Range,
Not one attempts the Epigrammick ſtrain,
Has try'd his Force in *Martial*'s ſprightly Vein.
Malice nor Slander dares this thing avow,
None do his Wit conceive, or it allow.
How comes it then, that he neglected ſtands,
Or what's all one, left to Unskilful Hands?
Is't *Johnſon* does in Epigram excel?
Be it ſo: Yet where he has writ as well,
With good Succeſs ſome bravely have eſſay'd,
And noble Voyages have alſo made.
It Satyr were, if I the Cauſe ſhou'd ſay,
'Tis not in Mode, *France* has not led the way.
Let *France* teach Fops to Dance, and Girls to Dreſs,
Preſide our Shooe-tyes, not controul our Preſs.

Ep.

Ep. 128. *On the Pope.*

The Jews Meſſiah knew not when he came,
'Cauſe falſe Idea's they of him did frame:
And Antichriſt i'th' Pope Men do not find,
'Cauſe they conceit another in their Mind.
And while they fancy he is yet to come,
Diſcern him not, tho' long inthron'd in *Rome*.

Ep. 129. *A Simple Papiſt, and a Miſſioner.*

Sim.Pap.] They wind and turn you all, to and again,
With greateſt Eaſe, theſe Church of *England* Men.
Why tempt you them? *Miſ.*] They know (it is too true)
They have the Right: But how doſt come that you,
A Roman Catholick, this thing do ſee?
It ſpeaks you half a Heretick to be.
And does your Wiſdom think, we 're overborne,
Tho' nought we win, if we do keep our own?
If to our Party, ſtrong our Proofs appear,
What Hereticks conceive, we little care.
The Reaſon's good, were't ſo we had no other,
Volumes to write, only the Truth to ſmother:

For

For while our Pages are with Fathers fraught,
Counſels, tho' feign'd, with Oſtentation brought;
And theſe the Learn'd deſpiſe, they yet amuſe,
Th'Ignorant, the Pretending ſide who chuſe.
'Tis Sloth alone a Miſſioner defames,
Juggling and Lyes, his Holineſs ne'er blames.

Ep. 130. *To Admiral* Killigrew.

The Standard bear aloft, and boldly ſhow,
Th'Oceans Glory, Terror of the Foe;
With outward Pride and Dread to all appear,
And where thou ought'ſt, be a true cauſe of Fear,
But kind and gentle unto all draw near.
Firmly thy juſt Authority maintain,
But Inſolent Command as much diſdain.
When thou aſſault'ſt, let th'Adverſary find,
Storm, Thunder, Lightning, in the Ship combin'd.
Should an unequal Force chance to diſtreſs,
There let thy Courage riſe, but not grow leſs;
Buoy up what's weak, bravely make good the Spot,
Valour has often turn'd in Fight the Lot.

Thy

Thy God's, thy King's, thy Country's Intereſt bear
In mind, with them let thine own Honour ſhare,
And what with theſe can poiſe, or yet compare?
Alone then fear, when not, wou'd Raſhneſs ſhow,
When Danger's high, th' Advantage mean and low.
Malice and Envy with Scorn only treat,
Like little Billows 'gainſt thy Ship that beat.
Shall I now ſay, I 'ave taught thee here thy Part?
No: I have ſpoke, but what in truth thou art.

Ep. 131. *To the Muſes.*

Not unto you, nor yet unto my Brain,
I owe theſe Shreds of Verſe, but unto Pain:
Nor have I cauſe to grieve, if none they pleaſe,
Since *Laudanum* and *Rhime* oft gave me Eaſe.

Ep. 132. *To* Linus.

Why rageſt thou, when counſell'd for thy good?
Have I traduc'd thee, or miſ-underſtood?
Expos'd to Shame, or what's more hardly bore,
Not ſought thy Cure, but thee inſulted o'er?

If

If none of theſe, why without Care of Right,
Doſt thou recriminate, to ſhew thy Spight?
Make me in thine, and yet worſe Follies ſhare?
Triumph when done, as all with thee were fair?
Can'ſt thou believe,(thy Spleen didſt juſtly vent,)
Another's Guilt can make thee Innocent?

Ep. 133. *To the ſame.*

Confute an Error in an honeſt Mind,
Honour and Love you in return will find.
But where Truth 's hated, Error rooted in,
They hate thoſe bring a Light upon their Sin.

Ep. 134. *On a Fair Maid.*

Thy Friends, according to the common Guiſe,
Plac'd Bliſs in Riches, being worldly Wiſe,
Deſign'd thee on a Banker to beſtow,
Who did no other Saint but Mammon know.
Being expoſed at a ſplendid Treat,
He thee beheld, but minded more the Meat:
Like a bright Star thou at the Board didſt ſhine,
But Earth 's not influenc'd with what 's Divine.

A Nephew, as his Shadow, with him came,
Rich, travell'd, young, and of no vulgar Fame;
The Steam o' th' Feaſt did not the Gallant blind,
Darken the Eyes of's Body or his Mind:
But *Perſeus* like, he ſet himſelf to free
The Fair--Condemn'd, from her Captivity,
And ſuch prevailing Courtſhip did diſplay,
From th'Orke he bore the Lovely Maid away.

Ep. 135. *On Goodneſs.*

Goodneſs o'th' Good does work, rarely o'th' Evil,
An Angel firſt in Heaven became a Devil.

Ep. 136. *On* Philodoxus.

Thou covet'ſt Glory, and a noble Name!
The Arts of War and Peace procure Men Fame,
Learning, great Deeds, conſtant Integrity,
To be in Truth, what thou pretend'ſt to be:
Vertue, not Praiſe, i'th' firſt place to affect,
Glory comes ſooneſt, when thou it neglect'ſt.
Thou ſay'ſt, the Task is hard, Wou'd'ſt thou attain
What's Excellent, without thy Sweat and Pain?

Ep.

Ep. 137. *On the Pope.*

By Uſurpation thou haſt reach'd a Throne,
The which no Age o'th' Goſpel e'er did own;
Sole Monarch of the Church, and Spiritual Prince,
Impow'r'd alone to teach, and to convince
Infallibly; Chriſt's Vicar, at whoſe Nod
Even Truth does vail, The Pope, our Lord and God.
Who with th'Almighty only can pull down,
Again ſet up; beſtow, tranſplant, a Crown!
Of thy vaſt Pow'r to give the full Account,
To the great Antichriſts it does amount.

Ep. 138. *On* Bellarmine.

Had *Bellarmine* the former Verſes read,
What wou'd the Scarlet Paraſite have ſaid?
Tho' Rage I feign'd, to utter what was true,
My meaning was, To give the Pope his Due.
His Chymick Wit, from Satyr and abuſe,
Praiſe can extract, by a long practic'd uſe.

Ep. 139. *On the Saints of the Church of* Rome. *In Dogg'rel.*

O Roman Saints! St. *Chriſtopher*, *Longinus*,
Unto whoſe Worſhip none can e'er incline us.
One a long Spear, the other a feign'd Giant:
To bloody Dominick we're leſs compliant,
Bedlam *Ignatius*, and Fanatick *Francis*,
Whoſe Lives reſembled Corybantick Dances:
She-Saints we leave to Frolick o'er a Poſſet,
We at their Shrines, will neither kneel or Croſs-it.

Ep. 140. *The General Lover.*

I all do love are Excellent and Fair,
My Miſtreſſes, not knowing it, ſuch are;
The Witty, Shapely, Gallant, Brown and Bright,
Their various Graces variouſly delight;
When they are beſt ſet forth for Publick view,
And moſt ambitiouſly their Glories ſhew;
'Tis me they court, tho' nought they leſs deſign,
Nor uſe I any means to make them mine.

If

If any Scorn, and to ſhew Pride affect,
I pay them, unconcern'd, the ſame Reſpect.
Where Beauty Reigns, I there no Fault do find,
They're all alike to me Kind or Unkind.
But thou who unto One thy Heart doſt tye,
Even thoſe excel, diſguſt thy partial Eye;
And if this One be moody or diſdain,
Thy Peace is loſt, and wretched thou art ſlain.
But then thou ſay'ſt, while all I thus approve,
Not one does me reciprocally love,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Quinteſſence of Joy,
But I a fond and deſpicable Toy.
Beauty, at diſtance, Divine Rays does ſhed,
But none e'er met a Goddeſs in his Bed;
Tho' Eyes, we Stars do call, when they are bright,
A vulgar Error 'tis, they ſhine by night.

Ep. 141. *To* Sillius.

Sillius, of late, it was my chance to meet,
Who with ſurprizing Kindneſs did me greet,
He hugg'd me, kiſs'd me, ev'n for Joy did weep.
My beſt of Friends, ſaid he, *you'll alſo ſleep*

Your Eyes in Tears, when I ſhall let you know,
What I in Perſia *late did undergo.*
Oh, the vaſt Deſerts! Oh, the dang'rous Sand!
The Hardſhips I ſuſtain'd by Sea and Land!---
In ſhort, his Carr'age had ſuch tender Charms,
As forc'd me ſympathize in all his Harms.

But when within my Mind I did revolve
Our kind Encounter, pos'd how to reſolve,
When our huge Amity at firſt began,
All I cou'd ſay, was, *I had ſeen the Man*;
And wonder'd much at ſuch his Magick Pow'r,
Cou'd perfect Friendſhip leſs than in an Hour.
While thus the Novelty did me confound,
He did the Myſtery himſelf expound.
Thou needs, ſays he, *muſt lend me Twenty Pound.*

Ep. 142. *On the World.*

Thy Glory, Riches, Beauty, ſtrongly Charm,
One grain of Faith can yet their Powers diſarm.

Ep. 143. *On* Sextus.

Whatever Sea or Land do rare afford,
In Seaſon's ſerv'd at thy volupt'ous Board;
Thy Cook with no leſs Art does theſe prepare,
And for thy ſelf is all this coſtly Fare:
Yet thou a Glutton's Name in ill part tak'ſt,
And tell'ſt what ſober Meals thou often mak'ſt.
Were't thou not ſick? or elſe diſlik'd thy Meat?
And think'ſt thou'rt temperate, when thou can'ſt not (eat.

Ep. 144. *To the Generous.*

The *Jew* all Intereſt was forbid to take,
Advantage, from his Brother's Want, to make.
Their wiſe Men, from this Law, did thus decree,
Thy Brother *Jew* ſhall not Obſequious be,
For any Loan pay ſervile Uſury,
Crouch, or demean himſelf more abject low,
Pay a Reſpect, before he did not owe.

Ep. 145. *On* Bibulus.

Bibulus, mean of Birth, but high in Place,
Scarce to the Nobleſt will vouchſafe the Grace
To re-ſalute, or anſwer, when they ſpeak,
But from their Court regardleſly does break:
While with Careſſes ſome make humble Suit,
All Complement, but unto all he's mute.
Uneaſie ſhews, even at a kind Addreſs,
As Courteſie it ſelf did him oppreſs.

As I did muſe, who was the Happy He,
Cou'd to's faſtidious Humour grateful be;
Into the Room there came an uncouth *Wight*,
By Inſtinct known, I think, e'er come in ſight:
For *Bibulus*, e'er you cou'd ſay, What's this?
Found him, embrac'd him, met him with a Kiſs:
Hands they did ſhake, and for a pretty ſpace,
One's Ruby Noſe joyn'd t'other's Purple Face.

They ſmil'd, that cou'd the Myſtery unfold.
The Man, it ſeems, drunk ſtiff, and good Wine ſold.
Lovers and Courtiers Rivals do not brook,
But Drunkards kindly on their Rivals look.

Ep.

Ep. 146. *On* Cranmer *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.

Great Prelate, Learned, Holy, and Sincere,
Whom ev'n a Tyrant Maſter did revere;
And in the higheſt Truſt and Honour plac'd,
When Malice moſt oppreſs'd, and chiefly grac'd.
Worthy the Slander, and the Hate of *Rome*,
Who Damns all thoſe her Falſhood can't o'ercome.
Let her thy Predeceſſor *Thomas* Saint,
With Vain Red Letters in her Dipticks paint;
His Meritorious Name, his Socks adore,
Help from his Shooes, and Sordid Clouts implore,
The Rebel, Death deſerv'd, as his juſt Meed,
Tho' Curſed were the Hands that did the Deed.
Rome's Uſurpation Trait'rouſly he own'd,
Whilſt thou the Groſs Impoſtor quite unthron'd.
But thy ſhort Laps, thy Foes with Triumph tell,
For love of Life, the Martyr Cranmer *fell*;
Bluſh not, they us'd the Charms, and Powers of Hell.

Ep. 147. *To a Chriſtian.*

To weigh thy Wrongs, thou uſeſt too much Care,
To know them's not thy Duty, but to bear.

Ep. 148. *On* Rufus.

Thou often boaſt'ſt, how free thou art from blame,
If none do praiſe thee, none can alſo ſhame.
Boaſt thy good Luck, that thou'rt not underſtood,
There muſt be Evil, where is found no Good.

Ep. 149. *On a Lady's Muſick-Book richly bound.*

Whoever takes me in his Hand,
Theſe things I give him in Command.
That he not, idly, let me fall,
Nor hold me yet for good and all;
That he defile me with no Smutch,
My Gilding was not laid for ſuch;
That he tranſcribes, by ſtealth, no Air,
My Leaves, for any uſes, tear;
That he fills not my void Spaces,
With the Draughts of filthy Faces;

No,

No, nor inſert his Miſtreſs Name,
Or yet his own. Go ſeek thee Fame
On *Greenwich* Leads, or top of *Pauls*,
Where ſuch-like Worthies make their Scroles,
There leaving carv'd their Names and Feet,
Monuments for their Glories meet.
Art and Coſt made me thus fair,
To treaſure, like my ſelf, things rare;
To ſerve a Miſtreſs of great Name,
Of ſo Divine a Voice and Frame,
That neither can the Ears or Eyes
Say in which moſt the Angel lies.
If then what's artleſs, vile, or rude,
A brutiſh Hand ſhall here obtrude,
Know, where Excellence high appears,
There hideous ſhew the Aſſes Ears.

Ep. 150. *On* Sobrius *and* Profligus.

Sob.] What makes thee ſo Chagrin? What is the Caſe?
Deſpair ſeems to me, written in thy Face.
Prof.] Is there not Cauſe? Clippers no Mercy find,
Nor are the Laws to High-way-Men more kind;

Soldiers

Soldiers by Death and Danger ſeek for Fame,
Drinking and Swearing make not good the Name;
Young Men their own Inſtructors are in Vice,
Women to Sin avow'dly, are not nice;
Stick not to ask, where they did give a Price;
Perjury, Cheating, are no more in Vogue,
A Brave Tall Fellow now is term'd a Rogue;
Preachers 'gainſt Lewdneſs reak their conſtant Spight;
And *Probus* Epigrams does 'gainſt it write:
Theſe we and many to a Halter force---
Sob.] Why not to make you take a better Courſe?

Ep. 151. *On thoſe that provoke Trouble.*

Big of thy ſelf, and conſcious of thy Wit,
Thou thought'ſt thy Days inglorioufly did fleet,
While thou no Foe to combat didſt provoke,
Weigh'd'ſt not his Danger, that firſt ſtrikes the ſtroke.
The ſleeping Wrath of many this did rouſe,
Inflamed ſuch a Quarrel to eſpouſe.
Againſt the Storm thy Worth thou didſt oppoſe,
As Shield of Proof; but they with thee did cloſe,

And

And wreſted it, thy goodly Harneſs tore
From off thy back, and then in triumph bore:
Nor thus content, they farther thee diſgrac'd,
Thy Glories ſully'd, ridicul'd, defac'd.
Such was the Iſſue of this needleſs Fray,
Wounds thou didſt deal, and wounded went'ſt away.
Achilles fear'd no Might, his Fleſh no Steel,
A poiſon'd Shaft yet found the Heroes Heel.
Didſt thou forget Fancy's creative Force,
Cou'd make a Centaur of a Man and Horſe?
Nay, Harpyes, Hydra's, and Chimera's, frame
Beings, in Nature, never had a Name?
That Fiction cou'd bereave thee of thy Shape,
Transform thee from a Man into an Ape?

Ep. 152. *On* Frances.

Frances advanc'd to Chamber-Maids degree,
Vouchſaf'd ſometimes her Country Friends to ſee:
And more to ſhew her Courtly Air and Art,
As ſhe wore Silks, ſhe acted too the Part
Of a fine Lady. On a ſultry day,
As ſoon as come, her Neck ſhe did diſplay,

Much

Much better hid; gave one her Scarf to hold,
Her Fan and Gloves to thoſe that were ſo bold
(Which all were not) to touch ſuch precious things.
She ſtript up high her Arms, brandiſh'd her Rings,
Toſs'd her Locks, flounc'd, t'expreſs a gallant Mein,
Tho', to ſay truth, not over-ſweet nor clean.
Talk'd loud and fulſom, wry'd her Mouth and Face;
What e'er ſhe thought wou'd add the greater Grace.
To taſte of their courſe Fare, they her did pray.
Which ſquemiſhly, good Breeding to betray,
She did accept: But like a Wolf did eat,
(Lac'd Shoes at home abounded more than Meat.)
When ſhe was gone, and all began t'admire
Her ſtately Way, Genteelneſs, and Attire,
A Girl there ſaid, *Mother, what e'er you think,*
I, for my part, ſmelt Miſtreſs Frances *ſtink.*

Ep. 153. *To* Proclus.

When Thirſt of Wealth ſo high in Men do rage,
The furious Chace of Honour ſo ingage,
Their Luſt ſo over-bearing is, and great,
They grudge the very Hours they ſleep and eat:

What

What time is here for Holy things to ſhare,
When Luſt, to Luſt, will not a Moment ſpare?

Ep. 154. *On* Claudia.

Fair *Claudia* wants no ſweet and pow'rful Charms,
Her Eyes wound deep, and cure the pleaſing Harms;
None can her Graces with ſuch truth impart,
As I that feel them in my captiv'd Heart.
Yet when Divine *Æmilia* does appear,
Claudia, ſo many aws, her ſelf does fear;
Sighs and ſheds Tears to ſee her Empire wain,
A greater Exc'lence o'er her leſſer Reign.
While thus I ſpoke, the ſmart and angry twang,
Of *Cupid*'s Bow-ſtring i'th' Air loudly rang.
Traitor, ſaid he, *and can'ſt thou then approve,*
Another's Grace 'bove hers that thou doſt love?

Ep. 155. *On old* Lamia.

From all Converſe, I wholly did retire,
A fair Idea freely to admire;

Thou

Thou found'ſt my Walk, and thus to me didſt ſay,
Cheer up thy Heart, all drooping caſt away,
I'll never grudge to ſpend with thee a day.
As thoſe from ſleep, a Spectre does awake,
There was no Limb about me did not quake.
Thy Words did fully to thy Wiſh take place,
All that was pleaſing in my Thoughts deface.
Nor was this all the Miſchief they did do,
With Love they near deſtroy'd the Lover too.
Thy Preſence I did moſt ungrateful find,
But dreadful, when thou threaten'd'ſt to be Kind.

Ep. 156. *On* Scipio Africanus.

Antiochus choſe rather to defie
The Roman Pow'r, than with it to comply:
His Kingdom ſhaken by a great defeat,
In this ſubmiſſive manner he did treat.
" Not what before the War you did demand,
" We yield, but all you ſhall beſide command.
The Noble *Scipio* thus did anſwer make,
" *Rome* no Advantage does from Fortune take,

As

" As ſhe does ſcorn to ſtoop to adverſe Fate,
" By Proſp'rous ſhe is never more elate.
" Our Actions Juſtice, not Succeſs, does guide,
" We ask the ſame, which you before deny'd.

Ep. 157. *On a Sordid Perſon.*

All things to thee abound, Gold is not ſcant,
A Gen'rous Soul is all that thou doſt want;
When thou ſhould'ſt Give, thou act'ſt the Poor Man's Part,
Draw'ſt not thy Purſe, but open'ſt wide thy Heart;
Pretend'ſt to blame, to pitty, or adviſe,
When thou art Baſe, would'ſt be thought Good and Wiſe.

Ep. 158. *On a feign'd Friend.*

When ought thou need'ſt, thou doſt it ſo demand,
Not as one ſues, but one that does command
In Friendſhip's Name. Thou ſay'ſt, a Friend is known,
When in Diſtreſſes he his Friend will own.
This is a Truth, which all will thee allow:
But then at other times, I know not how,
So ſtrange thou art, thou ſcarce doſt know my Face,
Or with a bare Good-morrow wilt me grace;

O'er-ſeeſt me oft, induſtriouſly doſt ſhun,
Is't Friendſhip only then, to ſerve thy turn?

Ep. 159. *On a Beſotted Epicure.*

Men call thee Glutton, Belly-God, and Sot,
Thou ſtill eat'ſt on, their words regardeſt not:
Thy Cook, in dreſſing, ſpoil'd a Trout and Eel,
This Croſs came home, and ſharp thou it didſt feel:
Sighing thou ſaid'ſt, *To loſe a Child was common.*
As if 't were more, to loſe a Trout or Salmon:
Then trembling graſp'd thy Knife, and raging Swore,
Thou'd'ſt have the Villain's Life upon this Score.
But tho' thy brutiſh Wrath did thus far go,
Thy Threats muſt be but Threats, thou well didſt know.
Thy Fury therefore, which ſo highly boil'd,
To Moanings turn'd, and on thy ſelf recoil'd;
Thy Voice did crack, and Tears thy Cheeks did ſteep,
Heart-broke thou ſeem'd'ſt, and tenderly didſt weep.
The *Carthage* Queen, in her deſerted State,
Rav'd not, like thee, 'gainſt the Decrees of Fate.
One wou'd ſuppoſe, this ſo deplored Diſh,
Some Siren were, and not a butter'd Fiſh.

Ep.

Ep. 160. *On* Dionyſius.

Dionyſius, ambitious was to be,
Tyrant no leſs o'er Wit, than *Sicily*:
As he his Countries Laws had broke before,
The *Muſes* he as barb'rouſly o'erbore.
A *Poem* to *Philoxenes* did ſhow,
Commanding thereupon his Thoughts to know;
Who true to's Judgment, to his Safety raſh,
Defac'd the whole Performance at one daſh.
For which the Tyrant did in rage confine
His Judge, to dig in Fetters in the Mine.
But diſciplin'd, did him again reſtore,
And ſhew'd him other Verſes, as before,
Reading them now, the better to diſplay,
Wherein their Grace and Elegancy lay.
Philoxenes, e'er half the Book was done,
On's own accord, beckon'd the Guards to come,
And back convey him to the Mine again,
To dig, than hear, holding it leſſer Pain.

Ep. 161. *On a Male-Content.*

Whatever News is good, thou doſt deny,
That thou doſt wiſh it falſe, we're ſure's no Lye.

Ep. 162. *On Dr.* Rugely, *robb'd and wounded.*

Great Naturaliſt, good Chriſtian, and Divine,
Tho' rarely ſeen, in thee they all combine.
So knowing, yet ſo tender in thy Art,
That Patient and Phyſician both thou art;
And though Oracular thy Advices are,
Yet for the Sick thou oft vouchſaf'ſt to fear.
As robb'd and wounded, hadſt thou too been ſlain,
How many Hundreds had receiv'd their Bain?
Thy Goodneſs weigh'd, and Good that thou doſt do,
Death had been Sacrilege and Murder too.
Fit Vengeance for this Crime no Tongue can tell,
As it was hatch'd, it muſt be purg'd in Hell.

Ep. 163. *To* Marinus.

Thus one did rally me the other day,
Thou Preacheſt, when the Poet thou ſhould'ſt Play:

Thee

Thee for thy Merit, if I were to Dub,
I'd ſay, Riſe up Sir Laureat of the Tub.

The Jeſt I quarrell'd not, but did reply,
There are a ſort of Men, who Sermons fly;
Theſe, when betray'd by th' Title of my Book,
Will find that there, for which they leaſt did look;
Folly and Vice, more ſharply mock'd and ſcourg'd,
Than by Catharticks of the Pulpit purg'd.

Ep. 164. *On* Dionyſius.

Philoxenes no Cruelties cou'd tame,
Or Scorn the Tyrant *Dionyſius* ſhame:
But Verſes on him he wou'd ſtill obtrude,
Howe'er before his Cenſure had been rude.
The Tyrant oft, reciting, drop'd a Tear,
Philoxenes, affected to appear,
Sad, Me too, what you read, it pitties much to hear.

Ep. 165. *On my Nice Reader.*

Thou nauſeates all I write, and doſt contend,
My Subjects more, than my Courſe Verſe offend:

I ſhou'd of Springs, and flowry Meadows write,
What Ladies wear; ſuch Themes would all delight.
To get a Poets name if this would do;
I'd ſooner mend, than praiſe, a Ladies Shooe;
Sell Boxes for their Trinkets and their Dreſs,
Than make a Caſe of Drawers of my Verſe.
And tho' ſuch trifling Subjects thee do pleaſe,
Others, dark Rocks delight, and ſtormy Seas:
The whole Creation, that diſguſteth thee,
Hadſt thou thy Will, ſhou'd all diſcarded be;
Yet he that made thy Miſtreſs, made a Dog,
A Bear, a Toad, a Serpent, and a Hog:
And all theſe Exc'lent are, as well as ſhe,
Beauties, and Wonders, in a high degree;
Which others ſee, tho' thou doſt them deſpiſe,
Adore their Maker, and confeſs him wiſe.

Ep. 166. *On Sin.*

Who Sin obey, Captives and Bond-men be,
Tho' all their Chains and Slav'ry do not ſee;
As Libertines do think they are of all moſt free.

Ep.

Ep. 167. *On the ſame.*

Slaves, oft to break their Chains, themſelves have (ſlain;
But Sin 's a Chain, does after Death remain.

Ep. 168. *On Madam* Pen.

Why, Madam *Pen*, in ſuch a fume and pet?
Th' Affront, ſaid ſhe, *wou'd make even Patience fret.*
'Tis bad enough to call one Trapes and Jade,
Inſufferable, Old or Ancient Maid.

Ep. 169. *On a little Boy.*

Making a Viſit late, I need not name,
There was a Child rich clad of lovely Frame!
A Lady ſaid, when I admir'd his trim,
He's a fine Scholar, pray examine him.
More to encourage, than his ſtrength to try,
What ſpells [*L, o, r, d*] young Mas', ſaid I?
Briskly and roundly [*from*] he did reply.

Ep. 170. *On* Rome.

We grudge not, *Rome*, thy Secular Renown,
Uſurped Primacy, or Tripple Crown;
Right of Communion we do only claim,
While with the ancient Church our Faith's the ſame;
While her three Creeds and Councils we embrace,
In all things ſtrictly do her Foot-ſteps trace;
The Scripture Canon, which thou call'd'ſt thine own
Four hundred Years, is that we now do own,
Enrag'd, thou ſay'ſt, *What is all this to me?*
Where is my claim'd Infallibility,
My Purgatory, Power to diſpence,
With whatſoe'er the Scripture makes Offence?
My Image-Worſhip, Worſhip of the Croſs,
Of Saints and Angels, be it with the loſs
Of a Commandment? Let Tramontans *rebel,*
My Pow'r does yet extend to Heaven and Hell.
Think you, 'cauſe Chriſtians, to avoid the Doom
Of Hereticks, *while Enemies to* Rome?
My Artifices ye have all diſclos'd,
My Cheats and Novelties to th' World expos'd,

Open'd

Open'd all Nations Eyes, and made them ſee,
How weakly my Pretences founded be.
But what's your Gain? th' Pains you have employ'd,
T' have that confirm'd, ye hop'd to have deſtroy'd.
What by a Cripple Faith thou had'ſt before,
We hold by Int'reſt now, a Nobler Score:
All Kings and States are at this day thy Friends,
Not as, Times paſt, deceiv'd, but for their Ends.
Peter, *his Keys, conſigned in a Miſt,*
And loſt they'd been, and perhaps never miſs'd,
Had we not found and ſeiz'd them; for a while,
An ignorant World theſe ſerved to beguile:
But now we do not on ſuch ſhifts rely;
No Pow'r's ſo Great, we dare not to defie.
T' are ſawcy therefore thus to claim Communion,
To hold with us a Parity and Union.
Do ye for Pardon ſue, and for Protection?
What you Communion call, ſhou'd be Subjection.

Ep. 171. *On* Sylvia.

Three naked Virgins, 'cauſe there's none can bring,
Of Divine Form, and dancing in a Ring.

Such

Such Powers (are Graces call'd) thou doſt deny,
As a meer Fiction, and Poetick Lye.
Behold, fair *Sylvia*, as ſhe there does walk,
(Altho' thou com'ſt not near to hear her talk)
And if in her, theſe Pow'rs thou can'ſt not find,
'Tis not that they're not there, but thou art blind;
Or disbeliev'ſt the Truth upon the Score,
Thou ſee'ſt not Three, but Troops of Graces more.

Ep. 172. *On a Lyer.*

When 'tis a Lye, thou tell'ſt it with that Art,
Thou winn'ſt belief from ev'ry Ear and Heart:
But Truth ſo lamely always doſt report,
Becauſe it needs no Wit for its ſupport,
That none receive the things that they do hear,
But with a wrong and a miſtaken Cheer.
Held in the dark by that which thou doſt tell,
Rejoyce in Evil, mourn when all is well;
Thou Bane of Converſe, and thou greateſt Curſe,
Who ſtifleſt Good, and oft mak'ſt Evils worſe.

Ep.

Ep. 173. *To* Proclus.

Wiſdom in Youth, as irkſom, we refuſe,
Covet in Age, when 'tis too late to uſe.

Ep. 174. *By way of Dialogue between the Author and his Friend.*

Fr.] What makes thee, *Probus*, in thy latter days,
As youthful ſtill, covet a Wreath of Bays?
Prob.] Some hours, in ſerious reading, I can ſpend,
But long my Faculties I cannot bend,
As in times paſt: Tir'd, I Refreſhment find,
In the Amuſements of a roving Mind.
All Pleaſures of the World from me are fled,
And (I rejoyce) ſome Years before me dead.
Friends ſay they come Reſpect and Love to pay,
But glad they are, when they can get away:
And 'twere a ſhame, at this my Age to ſhow,
Content to any, but my ſelf, I owe.
Epigrams afford a great Variety,
And ne'er are tir'd, or tiring Company:

The

The Wiſe, the Fooliſh, Jocular, and Sad,
The Noble, Serious, I ſee here, and Mad.
And like a Farce, if ſome appear but mean,
Others diſplay again a Glorious Scene.
My Life I not with thine, but theirs, compare,
Who droop their days out in a ſleeping Chair.

Ep. 175. *On Atheiſts.*

If Voices now and Wonders, thou doſt ſay,
Were ſent from Heaven, there's none but wou'd obey
All thou behold'ſt, proclaims unto thy Shame,
'Twas wrought by God, and that from Heav'n it came;
His Judgments alſo, and his Mercies ſpeak,
Altho' their Voices are to Atheiſts weak:
But how ſhou'd thoſe diſcern, conceive, or hear,
Who have no Eye, no Intellect, no Ear?

Ep. 176. *On Romances.*

Were th'ancient *Greeks*, and learned *Romans* freed
From Shades below, with Wonder they would read,
Th'elaborate Romances of this Age;
Believe the Fates not only did engage

Them

Them in a Life, but in a World, was new,
That things ſo ſerious writ, were alſo true:
For thoſe who raw at firſt, this way do ſee,
Are *Quixots* all, at leaſt in ſome degree.
Admire they wou'd, what Climates did afford
A People, whom their Wiſdom nor their Sword
Cou'd ever find, whoſe Principles and Paſſions,
Whoſe gen'rous Thoughts, and whoſe Heroic Actions,
In all their Search, their Moraliſts ne'er knew,
Or the leaſt Scheme of them cou'd ever ſhew.
So do the Creatures of Romance Formation,
Tranſcend th' Idea's of the firſt Creation!
As Fames ſhrill Trumpet, Love and Luſt reſound,
How comes 't, no other Vice has Patrons found?
High would the Glory be of the firſt Teller,
Of Heroes of the Kitchin, and the Cellar.

Ep. 177. *On* Demas.

Art thou ſo mope'd, paſt fourſcore Years, to wed?
A Woman to betray (as may be ſaid)
Unto a Grave, not to a Nuptial-Bed?

Thou

Thou call'ſt thy walking Skelliton, a Life ;
And avow'd Bawdry, by the Name of Wife.

Ep. 178. *On the Anxious.*

Why Evils paſt, and thoſe to come, doſt mourn,
Dead to the firſt, and to the laſt not born ?
To day is thine, enjoy it without Care,
Cloud not thy Thoughts, when all thou ſeeſt is fair.

Ep. 179. *On* Laura.

Moſt lovely Maid! of ſo Divine a Frame,
We ſee in thee, all we can Exc'lent name ;
The Sweetneſs of a Spring thy Youth does ſum,
And promis'd Bleſſings of the Year to come.
Yet thou wert ſlighted lately on the ſcore,
A Bunch-back brought upon't two thouſand more.
With whom thy cautious Gallant did engage :
But ſhortly after purchas'd from the Stage
A Proſtitute ; ſet all, for her, at nought,
And thought his rotten Ware was cheaply bought.

Thus,

Thus, when to ſeek a Wife, ſuch Brutals go,
You'd ſwear they went to Market, not to woo;
They do ſo huckſter, bargain, and demur,
Vertue and Beauty are not any Spur;
To make their Earthly ſordid Minds lay hold
On that, which gain'd, wou'd all they have turn Gold.

Ep. 180. *On one who Tranſlated ſome of* Martial's *Epigrams.*

The great Defects which thy Tranſlations ſhow,
Have made me ſee ſome things I ne'er did know.
That words in Rhime and Metre there may be,
A meaſur'd Verſe, and yet no Poetry.
Thy ſenſe of ſingle Terms, thou'rt ſure to take,
And wooden Engliſh, of choice Latin make:
But tho' the Book, th' Epigram, all can tell;
There's none can *Martial*, in thy Verſion ſpell;
His various Humours in thy Lines are one,
The Mirthful, Grave, i'th' ſame dull ſtrain do run.
And ſhould'ſt thou ſev'ral Authors undertake,
Thou wou'd'ſt but one, even of a thouſand make.

In

In ſhort, to let thee know what Fault I find,
Thou tak'ſt the Words, and leav'ſt all Grace behind.

Ep. 181. *On* Theonina.

In Cenſure ſpiteful, Defamation bold,
Young but in Years, and yet in Miſchief old;
Lyes are thy Paſtime, Slander is thy Food,
To hatch ſome Evil thou doſt always brood;
Thou fear'ſt no Sin, where thou doſt fear no Law,
Puniſhment may, but Conſcience ne'er did awe.
Since in what's Bad thou glory'ſt to excel,
There is a King: Be thou the Queen of Hell.

Ep. 182. *To* Fabius.

The moſt diſpleaſed, with themſelves are pleas'd;
And tho' ſome Wants do render them diſeas'd;
They this Man's Health, and that Man's Wealth re-
The Honour of a third, or Pow'r deſire; (quire,
Yet theſe they'd have, as Vantage, and Acceſs
To what they are, and what they do poſſeſs;
Their belov'd ſelves, their Frame of Mind, their All,
They will not truck with thoſe they Happy'ſt call.

Yet

Yet to complain of Want, theſe Men are prone,
When their Condition's ſuch, they'll change with (none.

Ep. 183. *On* Criſpus.

Faithful and Friendly thou wou'd'ſt fain appear,
But none, beſide thy ſelf, to thee is dear;
If thou for others ought doſt undertake,
Thou caſteſt what Advantage thou can'ſt make;
And none obligeſt but upon the Score,
Some End of thine thou can'ſt promote much more.

Ep. 184. *On a debauch'd Wit.*

Thou'ſt read ſome Poets, that the Grape adore,
Idolize Wit, looſe Life, a rampant Who---
Deſpiſe all Vertue, as below their Care,
And high, on theſe accounts, their Heads they bear.
Theſe thou admir'ſt; their Leſſons doſt tranſcribe,
And glory'ſt to be liſted of their Tribe.
Drink'ſt, rant'ſt, blaſphem'ſt, and often doſt complain
When thou doſt want thy Vices to maintain,

None do true Worth regard; and full of Wine,
Think'ſt thou art Great in Parts, ſomething Divine:
Had'ſt thou thy due, thou ſhou'd be rank'd with Swine.

Ep. 185. *To* Priſcus.

With *Flavia*'s Praiſes thou doſt deaf mine Ear,
As if enough of her I ne'er cou'd hear:
Confeſſeſt yet that Beauty ſhe has none,
But other Excellence, which all muſt own;
All that ſhe wears is Modiſh, ever clean,
Seldom the faireſt are ſo curious ſeen!
I tell thee, ſhould a Sow in Velvet lye,
And perfum'd Sheets, ſhe'd turn them to a Sty.

Ep. 186. *To the ſame.*

Thou think'ſt my Anſwer to thy Praiſe unmeet.
Try; waſh a T--- till thou can'ſt make it ſweet.

Ep. 187. *On the Guilty.*

Thou would'ſt thy Crimes excuſe upon the Score,
Temptation thy weak Nature overbore.

If thoſe are Guiltleſs by Temptation fall,
There wou'd be no ſuch thing as Sin at all,
All Men are tempted, but their Choice is free,
When they conſent, then Guilty firſt they be.
Like Soldiers all are led into the Field,
The Brave oppoſe, the Cowards faintly yield.

Ep. 188. *On an old Dotard.*

Thou'rt fourſcore Years and more; yet thou wou'd'ſt (wed,
Tho' paſt the Duties of the Marr'age-Bed.
And ſham'ſt thou not, ſuch Thoughts to entertain,
Which thy Religion, Honour, Age, do ſtain?
Haſt thou no Moral Strength, if not Divine,
That thus below a Man thou doſt decline?
Let no falſe Principle thy Heart abuſe,
Marr'age it ſelf will not thy Luſt excuſe.
It was ordain'd this raging Sin to tame,
Not to foment and keep alive its Flame.

Ep. 189. *On a Diſhoneſt Shop-keeper.*

Thy Lights are large, but falſe; Words fair, not (true;
And more than Friendly, to all Comers ſhew:

Equivocations praiſe, and prize thy Ware,
Juſtice thou think'ſt it, neatly to enſnare,
That Credit both and Conſcience thou doſt ſave,
When thou can'ſt play the undiſcover'd Knave.

Ep. 190. *On a Drunken Quack.*

Butler, Great *Butler*, thou doſt often ſay,
I make my Rule, his Method, and his Way!
He, a Good-Fellow was, and lov'd good Wine,
Nor to Moroſeneſs will I e'er incline.
Thus Idle hours, that is, thy Life, thou ſpend'ſt,
The day in Drink beginn'ſt, and in Drink end'ſt.
Soak'ſt it like *Butler*, not like him doſt read;
A Bottle mak'ſt all Books to ſuperſede.
Thou a great Drunkard may'ſt arrive to be,
But a great Doctor thee we ne'er ſhall ſee.

Ep 191. *On the Spreaders of Falſe News.*

Peſt of the Times, the Nations great Annoy,
Who with falſe Fears, or elſe with vainer Joy
The Rout affect: Loſs, and Succeſs relate,
Both with deſign to prejudice the State,

To

To mock Mens Wiſhes, or their Hopes deject,
News you pretend, but Tumults you project;
None like to you, Rebellion ſo refine,
Treaſon attempt, and Danger yet decline.

Ep. 192. *The Invitation of a Friend.*

Come Dine with me to day, and you'll revive,
Thoſe drooping Spirits, are but juſt alive.
All ſweet and pure you ev'ry where ſhall find,
The Senſes pleas'd, do recreate the Mind;
Your Sight and Smell luxuriouſly I'll treat,
E'er I do ſet before you ought to eat.
Nor ſhall your Welcome yet be wholly airy,
As if I feaſted not a Man, but Fairy.
Ven'ſon I have, young Partridges, and Hare,
Some Home-Proviſions, that may prove as rare;
Wine from the Soil immediately that's brought
Of various Kinds, all Preſents, and not bought.
Choice Fruits and Herbs I not vouchſafe to name,
Aiming to day to reach *Lucullus* Fame.
We'll eat alone, unleſs a Third appear,
That will not check our Mirth, but mend our Chear:

Prudence in whom does ſo out-vie what's fair,
You'll think all Vertue preſent when ſhe's there;
She'll not importune with her Speech or ſtay,
Tho' all be Exc'lent that you hear her ſay,
And Sad you'll be, when ſhe does go away.

The Board remov'd, the ſober Fumes of Wine
Our Thoughts ſhall wing to ſomething that's Divine,
We'll that diſcourſe, which Vertue may improve,
Even at our Years, our Knowledge, and our Love;
Confer what eithers Muſe did late inſpire,
Thou mine ſhalt judge, while I do thine admire.

Ep. 193. *To* Priſcus.

Doſt ask, 'mong Men, whom I do happy'ſt find?
Thoſe whom a Competence content, whoſe Mind
Within this Limit reſts; whoſe Lives are pure,
And no leſs blameleſs, than their State's ſecure;
Who think their Wealth then riots like a Flood,
When others they can do ſome little Good.

Ep.

Ep. 194. *To* Publius.

When thou complain'ſt, Man's Life's both ſhort and (Sad,
To me thou ſeemeſt in ſome meaſure Mad:
It is not long enough, if it be Bad?

Ep. 195. *To the ſame.*

Why doſt thou fear to die? Is it becauſe
Thou doſt excel, and there is no applauſe
I'th' Grave? Or do the Pleaſures of the Age,
The Feaſts, the Revels, Courtſhips thee ingage?
Thy fair Eſtate, or elſe thy fairer Wife?
Alas when dead, thou wilt not want thy Life.

Ep. 196. *On* Criticus.

Marius, thou ſay'ſt, in Knowledge not abounds,
His Books are few, and weak in Arts his Grounds;
Thou, in all Learning and all Tongues, art skill'd,
Thy Shelves with num'rous and beſt Authors fill'd.
Yet whatſoe'er *Marius* undertakes,
The moſt Judicious high Account of't makes;

And thy profund pretending Works deſpiſe,
As Dullneſs cloathed in a Learn'd Diſguiſe.
I thus in other Trades have ſeen ſuch Fools,
Who Bunglers are, yet proud of Exc'lent Tools.

Ep. 197. *To* Marcus.

Bad Men live long, the Good ſhort liv'd we deem:
This is not ſo, but only ſo does ſeem.

Ep. 198. *On* Linus.

Vicious, Conceited, Inſolent and Proud,
Void of all Worth, yet poſitive and loud;
Ill Maſter, Father, Husband, Neighbour, Friend,
Whom ſenſe of Right or Wrong cou'd never bend;
Who God unſeen not only doſt deſpiſe,
But fatten'ſt i'th' Oppreſſed's Tears and Cries;
And ſmiling ask'ſt, What's, after all, the Evil?
None: 'cauſe 'tis hope'd, thou't fright from Earth the (Devil.

Ep. 199. *On the like.*

Poor in thy Youth, ſharking and profligate,
Unjuſt and proud, when rais'd to high Eſtate;
Which

Which thou conceiv'ſt thy Parts did bring thee to;
But want of Wit did plainly thee undo.
And when thou lay'ſt under the ſadeſt Croſs,
The Vice of all three Fortunes didſt engroſs.

Ep. 200. *To* Quintus.

Thou ſay'ſt, My Lines do moſt to Satyr tend.
More to condemn I find, than to commend.

Ep. 201. *On an Atheiſt.*

Thou, who the Faithful Man, eſteem'ſt a Fool,
To a wiſe reas'ning Heathen go to School.
The Envious did 'gainſt *Sacrates* combine,
Becauſe his Wiſdom was pronounc'd Divine:
But to this high Repute he ſhew'd juſt Right,
Thus arguing when he drank the fatal Aconite.
If when Juſt Souls are from the Body free,
They ever Bleſſed and Eternal be,
As I believe, by Death I vaſtly gain:
Or be it ſo, that this Conceit is vain,
No Prejudice can come from the Miſtake,
When I am nothing, me Unhappy make.

My Vertue hence, in Life, ſupport did find,
And I in Death a firm undaunted Mind.

But then thou ſay'ſt, Who with this Faith ſhall cloſe,
The darling Pleaſures of his Life muſt loſe.
None great, ſome falſe, uncertain all, and few,
To purchaſe thoſe Eternal are, and true.
And how wilt thou, with Endleſs Torments fare,
Who Vertues Gentle Laws cou'd'ſt never bear?
How with Eternal Flames endure to dwell,
Who count'ſt an hour of Pray'r a kind of Hell?

Ep. 202. *To the ſame.*

A Prejudice thou hold'ſt it to thy Wit,
A pleaſant Sin, when offer'd, to omit:
But to thy Reaſon not the leaſt Diſgrace,
Heav'ns Kingdom to reject, and Hell embrace.

Ep. 203. *On a Lady Painter.*

With excellent Myſtery thou draw'ſt the Face,
Each Feature doſt expreſs, and natural Grace.
Were th' Inward Man as well by me deſign'd,
I ſhou'd be ſtil'd, the *Titian* of the Mind.

Ep.

Ep. 204. *On the Enamour'd of falſe Beauty.*

A well-bred Virgin, Vert'ous, Noble, Wiſe,
Moſt Beautiful withall, thou doſt deſpiſe.
But Players, Dancers, Singers, doſt admire;
Theſe, thou confeſſeſt, ſet thy Heart on fire.
Didſt never hear, how by a Magick Spell,
Dead Bodies have been rais'd, and made to tell
Some things above themſelves, and then have ſunk
Again into a gaſtly loathſom Trunk?
Such, if thy blindneſs wou'd allow thee prove,
Thou'd'ſt find th' admired Object of thy Love;
The Perſons ſelf, ſtrip'd of adult'rous Art,
Scarce wou'd make good the Carcaſs of her Part;
Withdraw the Poets words, the Stage Attire,
And thou wilt loath, what thou doſt now admire:
She, like the Scenes, appears a glorious Sky,
A Sun, what not? falſe Lights deceive thine Eye,
Both, Paint and Traſh, are found, examin'd nigh.

Ep.

Ep. 205. *On the Wicked.*

Your Crimes you may, a while, with Shifts conceal,
But then their Guilt no Tract of Time can heal.
You ſeek, in Drink, their Memory to dround,
With Noiſe and Mirth their Clamours to confound:
But in the Din they oft before you ſtand,
Graſping a Scourge of Vipers in their hand;
And make you, as a Ghoſt, each Shadow fear,
Faint with diſmay, ev'n when no Danger's near;
Your Jollity's a forc'd a feigned Part,
A Smile i' th' Face, and Anguiſh in the Heart.
In vain you hope from Miſery to find,
And greater Evils, Eaſe unto your Mind.
However then you're bold t' offend, be ſure,
Your Sins, tho' ſecret, ne'er can be ſecure;
Or, Unrepented, any Peace can have,
Until Eternity ſhall find a Grave.

Ep. 206. *On a Coward.*

Like thee, in Safety, none's ſo fierce and bold,
Danger approaching, none ſo faint and cold;

The

The Brave, in Peril, do conſult which way
They may o'ercome; thou, which to run away;
They only ask, what is their Duty here;
Thou, what's ſuggeſted by thy treach'rous Fear;
They Face to Face confront a daring Foe,
Thy Malice, hid and ſculking, thou doſt ſhow;
When they ſubdue, their Anger they aſſwage,
But here thy Fury firſt begins to rage;
The Rancour Fear did in thy Heart ſuppreſs,
Without all Mercy now thou doſt expreſs.
In Private Converſe thou'rt to all a Slave,
And certainly, in Publick Truſt, a Knave.

Ep. 207. *What is Sweet.*

What is ſo Sweet, nought with it can compare?
By Love perfum'd, a vertuous Maid and fair.

Ep. 208. *On the Upſtart Great.*

Thy Wit was lately but of equal ſize
With mine, now all I ſay, thou doſt deſpiſe;
To height of Honour thou art rais'd and Power,
Which confer Wiſdom alſo in an Hour;

No

No Politick or Philoſophick School,
Like Pride and Greatneſs do improve a Fool.

Ep. 209. *On a conceited Perſon.*

Perſwaded of thy Worth, thou long'ſt to ſee,
What ſome do fear, an *Epigram* on thee.
But little Bad or Good of thee I know,
And none delighted are with what's ſo ſo.
This vulgar Proverb by thy ſelf diſcuſs,
Souce a Sows Ear, 'twill ne'er make Velvet Purſe.
Thoſe Subjects I paſs by, have no eclat,
In Vice and Vertue common are and flat.

Ep. 210. *On* Cotta.

Thou who all weary'd'ſt with thy ambitious Prate,
Of Officers and Honours in the State,
Aſſur'd by thoſe in higheſt place who ſtood,
And eas'ly cou'd their Promiſes make good:
Thou who wou'd'ſt none but richeſt Widows Wed,
Or nobleſt Virgins court unto thy Bed;
To thy Paternal 'State a Viſit made,
There firſt debauch'd, then marry'd thine own Maid;

A Lord thou art, when thou haſt plow'd and digg'd,
Thy Cow has Calv'd, and when thy Sow has Pigg'd.

Ep. 211. *On my Cenſorious Reader.*

Thou ſay'ſt, I'm full of Malice of Spight,
Ill Nature's ſeen, in all that I do write:
Thy Cenſure does not wound, but me delight.
Gainſt Vice I have, 'gainſt Men I never wrote,
Nor will for any Wrong or Price be bought,
Be thou Good-natur'd then, to what is naught.

Ep. 212. *On the ſame.*

More cloſe and home thou yet doſt me accuſe,
Say'ſt, in an *Epigram*, thy words I uſe;
Nay, a known Vice of thine diſplay. Be't ſo,
Muſt I remember unto whom I owe
All I have heard or ſeen? Or muſt Men know
A Perſon by one Speech or Act? 'Tis true,
By th' Lions Claw, a killful Artiſt knew
His bulk: But who ſhall only draw thy Toe,
Thy Manners or thy Face will never ſhow.

Ep.

Ep. 213. *On the ſame.*

Diſpleaſed at the Freedom of my Pen,
Which thou conceiv'ſt diſſects ſo many Men,
Thou ask'ſt, If I my ſelf from Vice am free?
I wiſh I were: But what is this to thee?
Why, thou wou'dſt have me my own Follies ſhow;
Alas, who is ſo Happy them to know?
But while thou think'ſt my ſelf I do conceal,
All that I write, my ſecret Thoughts reveal;
What I do love, deſpiſe, admire, or hate,
When I leaſt think, I truly do relate:
One *Epigram* may on ſome One reflect,
But they all joyn my Nature to detect.

Ep. 214. *To* Marcus, *on* Mævius *and* Cloe.

While *Mævius* Verſes, Good, thou didſt declare,
And *Cloe*'s Form, to keep them from Deſpair;
That neither by a Rope ſhou'd end their days,
They took thy Candor for deſerved Praiſe:
And one, to fright all Eyes, her ſelf does dreſs,
And t'other no leſs rages in the Preſs.

Ep.

Ep. 215. *On a miſtaken Epigrammatiſt.*

Thou ſtil'ſt, what's nothing like, an *Epigram*,
And may'ſt as well, a Weſel term a Ram;
Or draw an Ape, and then upon't endorſe,
The Animal you ſee, I call a Horſe.
On this, thou doſt retort to me in ſpite,
My Verſe are harſh: Nor do I Sonnets write.
My Bark oft buffets with a rugged Stream,
And I muſt ſuit my Stile unto my Theme.
Painters, with flowing Oil, their Figures draw;
But Carvers uſe the Chiſel and the Saw.

Ep. 216. *On* Veterator.

Thy Pride, Perverſeneſs, Tyranny to cloak,
On the Worlds Cenſure to avoid the ſtroke,
After vile Deeds thou vaunt'ſt and boaſt'ſt thy Parts,
Thy Skill in Tongues, and in the Nobleſt Arts,
Thy long Experience, Dignity and Fame,
Among the Learn'd the Greatneſs of thy Name!
Theſe do amuſe, but not thy Credit ſave,
The Wiſe, through all the Miſt, diſcern the Knave.

Endowments only Viſors are and Tricks,
In him who at Diſhoneſty ne'er ſticks.

Ep. 217. *On an Ungrateful Viſitant.*

I'm often troubled when I ſee thee here,
Too ſoon or late thou always doſt appear:
But the Myſt'ry of this, in brief to ſum,
Thou can'ſt not poſſibly in Seaſon come.

Ep. 218. *On the ſame.*

Many Excuſes thou doſt often frame,
For thy ſlack Viſits, and thy ſelf doſt blame,
You'd mend all Faults, if that you never came.

Ep. 219. *On a Debtor.*

When I by chance do meet thee in my way,
I not forget----thou conſtantly doſt ſay:
But they forget, who juſtly do not pay.

Ep. 220. *More* Cupids *than one are blind.*

Th'impoſing Gang of thoſe the World counts wiſe,
Only to *Venus* Son allow no Eyes;

While

While each their *Cupid* has, that's more a Child,
And far more dark and witleſs may be ſtil'd:
The Envious, Covetous, and Ambitious,
Gluttonous, and who other ways are Vicious.
For ſhall we ſay, Who Beauty loves is blind?
Yet who loves Sin, has a diſcerning Mind?

Ep. 221. *On* Hedon.

When that thy Mis, or thoſe to her relate,
Want ought, thy Purſe, thy Intereſt, thy Eſtate,
With Joy thou doſt engage; doſt nothing grudge,
I'th' Cauſe like hir'd Solicitors doſt trudge.
But when thy neareſt Kin know like Diſtreſs,
Their Evils no way thee, tho' them oppreſs.
Here thou art Poor, can'ſt not do Six-pence good,
How much thy Luſt, is nearer than thy Blood!

Ep. 222. *On* Sempronia.

Thy tender Years had a ſtrong bent to go
An Evil way, e'er thou didſt Evil know.
Th'Examples ever pleas'd thee of the worſt,
What noble Virgins trembled at, thou durſt.

Thy Beauty thou didſt early underſtand,
And gav'ſt the Reins, to that thou ſhoud'ſt command.
Thy Clothes exceſſive were, looſe thy Addreſs,
All a cloſe wanton Mind might loud expreſs.
Thus thy firſt days in Luxury were ſpent;
In Amorous Stealths all of thy Age out-went.
Thy Flow'r of Youth and Beauty when decay'd,
With theſe all Senſe of Shame did alſo fade,
And leud Affections thee did only ſway,
The Laws of Luſt bare-fac'dly to obey,
Thy Houſe thou mad'ſt a profeſs'd School of Vice,
The Rendezvous of Riot, Whoredom, Dice.
Which thoſe of either Sex that did not ſhun,
Were in their Vertue, Fame, and State undone.
Arm'd *Cat'line* made the *Roman* Hearts to quake,
But thy Debauch did *Rome*'s Foundations ſhake.

Ep. 223. *To* Fabius.

To thee a Dotard, and to rave I ſeem,
That old, by Verſe, I tedious hours redeem:
'Tis better yet, than o'er a Bottle ſoak,
And fill a Room with Spittle, and with Smoak.

Ep.

Ep. 224. *On an old Amorous Cockscomb.*

Thou'ſt thrown away thy Night-Cap, bought a Wig,
Thy hobling Gate converted to a Gig;
Ty'd a broad flaunting Ribond in thy Hat,
One, that out-ſtares thy ſelf, at thy Cravat.
And now doſt hope, that the moſt ſearching Eyes,
Cannot diſcern thy Age thro' this diſguiſe;
But joyn'd with Wealth, thou'lt make a pow'rful Court
Unto the Fair. Thou'lt make at leaſt good Sport.

Ep. 225. *On the ſame.*

I heard thy Rhume defeated thy Diſguiſe,
And that a Lady ſo did thee deſpiſe,
She ſaid, *Old Sir, blow both your Noſe and Eyes.*

Ep. 226. *To* Fabius *on* Livina.

Livina's rather Continent than Chaſte;
Than wiſely Provident, one does not waſte;
Than Friend to Vertue, no profeſſed Foe;
Neuter, at beſt, to Good and Bad does ſhow.

Thou ſay'ſt, *This Cenſure does of Malice ſound,*
Exacts Perfection, which is no where found.
No where, where Gen'rous Breeding is not taught,
Good Books, as well as Clouts and Needles, thought
The Means a well-born Virgin to improve;
Inſtructions us'd to make her know, and love
The Duties, Cuſtom only does impoſe,
And not their hidden Excellence diſcloſe:
But leads her Hood-wink'd Scholars in a Track,
Vertue that's pleaſant, rendering a Rack.
Where Wolves and Bears are fear'd, ſtrict Watch-men (keep,
Bar ſtrong their Gates, but they ſecurely ſleep,
Where Spiders, Fleas, and Gnats, the Houſe annoy,
Little concern'd ſuch Inſects to deſtroy:
So moſt will guard their Daughters on the Score
Of ſome groſs Vice, the frightful Name of Whore:
But Lying, Meanneſs, Spight, they do deſpiſe,
What's Great and Gallant, 's nothing in their Eyes.
Thus little crawling Sins, by giving way,
(But Slutt'ries of the Mind, as I may ſay,)
Grow to Gigantick Bulk, and bear the Sway.

And,

And, when too late, all grant, without diſpute,
There's no ſuch Monſter, as a Lady Brute.

Ep. 227. *On* Thais.

Thou vainly prid'ſt thy ſelf upon the Score
Of the laſt Epigram, that went before;
Becauſe an Elegant and Courtly Whore.

Ep. 228. *The young and old Schiſmatick.*

Jun.] I have been lately, where my Ears did glow,
To hear the Praiſe of one that was our Foe.
Sen.] Our Foe? Some Child of Hell, be ſure, a Dog,
A Reprobate, in Scripture ſtile, a Frog
Of the deep Pit, a *Jacobite*, and Traytor.
He muſt be theſe, profeſs'dly if our Hater,
One that will ſet his Country at a Price.
Jun.] I do not find he's charg'd with any Vice.
Sen.] But you ſhall find, I'll black him with all Evil,
If he be ours, he's God's Foe, and the Devil.

Ep. 289. *The Reflection.*

As from the Shoar I ſafely did behold,
(My own days ſpent) how Mortal Men were roll'd,
With the Worlds Billows, ſome for Riches moil'd,
Others for Honour, with more hazard, toil'd,
While they their Luſts and Vanity to pleaſe,
Oft loſt the Life, they ſought to ſpend in eaſe.
I ſaid, were I again my Race to run,
What Troubles and what Dangers cou'd I ſhun?
First, I wou'd weigh the ſhortneſs of my days,
Yet, well employ'd, the Pow'r they had to raiſe
Their Length 'bove what Arithmetick can count.
Yet ne'er their Glory and their Bliſs ſurmount.
By this I'd ſteer my Courſe, here fix my Eye,
Renounce what with this Truth did not comply;
No avaricious or ambitious Itch (witch,
Shou'd my ſtaid Mind with their falſe Charms be-
Next in what State Providence me had plac'd,
I wou'd regard, and with what Parts had grac'd;
Theſe I'd improve, aiming at no Employ,
Admit none offer'd with leaſt ſenſe of Joy.

Yet

Yet on my Charge I'd ever be intent;
Duty ſecure, whate'er were the Event.
So that whate'er Misfortune hap'n to be,
Men ſhou'd reproach the Chance, not cenſure me.

Ep. 230. *On a Diſgrac'd Courtier.*

Fallen by Crimes from a high Place in Court,
Thou, after Shipwreck, Malice mak'ſt thy Port.
Deeply reſenting thy Diſgrace and Loſs,
The Kingdom thou decreed'ſt ſhall bear thy Croſs.
But Vice undid thee, Vertue muſt redeem,
Vertue, not real, but what ſo does ſeem.
Guilty thy ſelf, the State thou wilt reform,
That is, confound its Laws, and Juſtice ſtorm.
The Nobleſt are by thee impeach'd, defam'd;
The Factious only, Honeſt Men proclaim'd;
Grievances ſought; not found, are often made;
Juſt Rights pretended to be ſav'd, betray'd.
Hell can no Inſtrument ſo dang'rous frame,
As Knave and Patriot blended in a Name.

Ep.

Ep. 231. *On* Lewis XIV.

The Life, the Soul, Upholder of the *Port*,
Whoſe Arms the *Creſcent* 'gainſt the *Croſs* ſupport;
Want of true Greatneſs, and the Thirſt of Sway
All that is Sacred makes thee to betray,
Faction and Treaſon to foment and nurſe
In ev'ry Land, *Europe*'s, even *France*'s, Curſe;
For thou no leſs thy Agents doſt employ,
Thy Subjects, than thy Neighbours, to deſtroy;
Myriads of harmleſs Souls thou haſt undone,
With loſs of thine own Juſtice, their Land won;
And while they mourn, thy Pleaſure thou doſt take;
Upon a Couch, War with the World doſt make;
Sloathful thy ſelf, by others get'ſt Renown,
Thou winn'ſt a Game at Cards, while they a Town.
Empire alone is that with thee does weigh,
Which, ſo thou get'ſt, it matters not which way;
No ſcruple mak'ſt, ſo that thou haſt Succeſs,
Whether 'tis Heaven or Hell thy Forces bleſs.
Lucifer to juſtifie, thy Actions tend,
'Tis hop'd, thou ſee'ſt thy Fall, and mak'ſt a Friend.

Ep.

Ep. 232. *On a Bad Poet.*

Thou askeſt why thy Aim I diſallow,
With Sacred Laurel to adorn thy Bow?
I ask thee too, Why Men do not preſume,
From ſtinking Weeds to draw a rich Perfume?
With Canvas and courſe Home-ſpun undertake,
A Mantle-Royal, Princes Robes to make?

Ep. 233. *On* Silvia *richly Apparell'd.*

Silvia, I Swear, I ever thee admir'd,
When in the ſimpleſt plaineſt Guiſe attir'd;
As coſtly Garments thou diſdain'ſt to vaunt,
Them, in my Judgment, thou didſt never want.
But now I, thus adorned, thee behold,
Something Angelical thou doſt unfold;
And ſett'ſt me to conſider on what Score,
Jewels and Gold ne'er ſtruck my Eye before.
Indeed, ſometimes, upon a Worthleſs Back,
They ſeem'd condemn'd; yet then did Splendor lack.
But now I find, the Luſtre they do ſhow,
They unto Vertue, and to Beauty owe.

Ep.

Ep. 234. *On* Lamia.

Deform'd thou'rt ſeen to be in ev'ry Part,
Beyond the Remedy of Wit and Art;
Ceaſe then to jet, and tweer, and make a-do,
Ugly thou can'ſt not be, and Pretty too.

Ep. 235. *On the ſame.*

Old crooked *Claudia* has a ſober Grace,
And honour'd is, where-e'er ſhe comes in place;
What ſhe was made, ſhe is content to be,
And none do want of Beauty in her ſee;
Prudence and Goodneſs all Defects ſupply,
Even pleaſing make her to a curious Eye.
But thou, tho' moſt deform'd, doſt not deſpair,
Agreeable to be, tho' nothing fair,
By acting what thou ſeeſt the Fair to do,
As if the ſame, the ſame were, done by two:
But fall'ſt ſo ſhort of that which thou doſt hope,
Thou play'ſt *Jack-Pudding* on the lower Rope;
And what w' admire in *Clora*, when we ſee,
Our Stomach turns, when we behold in thee.

The

The Charms, th' Affects, the Sweetneſs, and the Grace,
Eſſential are unto a Lovely Face;
Which when thou ape'ſt, and vilely doſt repeat,
Tis much that thou eſcap'ſt from being beat.

Ep. 236. *On the ſame.*

Of thine own ſelf thou ſuch Conceit doſt hold,
That Buckram on thy Back ſeems Cloth of Gold;
Whereas o'th' contrary, it is enough,
Tiſſue to make the vileſt of all Stuff
If worn by thee: But Garb, and thy Grimmace
For Beauty, thou believ'ſt, with all do paſs:
Tho theſe all loath, deteſt, and ev'ry Tongue
Swears, as thou'rt Ugly, thou wert never young.

Ep. 237. *On an Injurious Perſon.*

After the barb'rous oft repeated Wrongs,
Thou ſay'ſt, Forgiveneſs yet to me belongs.
If thou repent'ſt, the Duty I confeſs,
For tho I thee, thy Sin I muſt not bleſs;
The Wicked, I allow, may claim my Love,
But *Hell* alone does *Wickedneſs* approve.

Ep.

Ep. 238. *On* Nanus.

Nanus, tho' little, yet is fierce and bold,
Scorns by the *Proudeſt He* to be control'd;
And braves all Men, while ſuch a Foe they ſhun,
By whom Diſgrace may be, no Honour won.

Ep. 239. *On* Rome.

Her plighted Troth, why does *Rome* oft deny?
The Sacred'ſt Oaths, why ſet ſo little by?
She worſhips Idols, and thoſe are a Lye.

Ep. 240. *On a high-kept Miſs.*

Coſtly in Clothes, and haughty in thy Mein,
Thou wou'd'ſt be thought by all a petty *Queen*;
Contemn'ſt thy Betters, boaſt'ſt of what's thy ſhame,
As if by Birth thy Greatneſs to thee came:
When all that know thee, this Truth alſo know,
Thy Glory unto Baſeneſs thou doſt owe;
And that thy Sin's the ſame with that o'th' Poor,
Tho' *Madam* thou art ſtil'd, and they term'd *Whore*.

Tho'

Tho' Coach and Palace varniſh o'er thy Blot,
The *Stocks* and *Bridewell* are thoſe Wretches Lot.
Thou liv'ſt by Luſt, while they but make a ſlip,
And more deſerv'ſt the Cart-tail, and the Whip.

Ep. 241. *On Mr.* Joſeph Mede.

What Topick can I find, thy Worth to raiſe,
Whoſe Leaves not only teach, but ev'n amaze?
Not by the ſlights of a deluſive Art,
None, like to thee, ſuch trifling ſet a-part.
Thou in all Tongues, all Learning didſt abound,
And yet thy Exc'lence not in Books was found:
But he that ſaid, *Thoſe who Heav'ns Will ſhall do,*
To them the deepeſt Myſteries I'll ſhew.
Thy Soul enlighten'd: Thy Judicious Eye
Was owing meerly to thy Piety.
From hence the Senſe of Scripture thou didſt hit,
As guided by the Spirit they were writ.

Ep. 242. *On the unworthily Fortunate.*

While that a proſperous and fore-right Gale,
Fills the expanded Boſom of thy Sail,

Thou

Thou Happy ſeem'ſt, and all to thee do bow,
All, but thy ſelf, thy Glories do allow:
But while they ſtoop, applaud, and matter find
T'extol, thou ſadly want'ſt it in thy Mind.

Ep. 243. *On a Drunkard.*

Scholar and Poet both, in Drink, thou art;
Skill'd in the Stateſman, and the Soldiers part;
The Travellers, the Courtiers, and what not?
When all's ſumm'd up, thou only art a Sot.

Ep. 244. *On* Paris.

Forbear to boaſt thy infamous Succeſs,
That thou the Great *Achilles* didſt oppreſs,
When hid, and trembling thou didſt only act,
And 'twas, in truth, a Goddeſs did the Fact,
Guided the poyſon'd Arrow to his Heel,
While the brave Hero to the Gods did kneel.

Ep.

Ep. 245. *On a Religious Glutton.*

Gorg'd with good Cheer and Wine, thou, to dilate
On Spiritual Feaſts, and an Angelick State,
Tak'ſt great delight; affect'ſt thy Heart ſo deep,
Thou in ſuch Tranſports oft art ſeen to weep.
Thus, when not able one Bit more to eat,
Thou fall'ſt afreſh upon Celeſtial Meat.
Not to defraud thy Belly 's thy great Care,
Why to delude it doſt thou not forbare?
Fat Cocks and Snipes are not the Angels Fare.

Ep. 246. *On blind Zeal.*

Blind Zeal no Bounds nor Moderation knows,
From *Rome* it flies, and unto *Munſter* goes;
While Spiritual Tyranny does it affright,
In Spiritual Anarchy it takes delight.
As Light the Blind directs not in their way,
When Truth ſuch ſtumble on, the more they ſtray.

Ep. 247. *On the Shepherds*, Luke 2.

While on ſoft Plumes the Rich did ſleep,
Or Riot them did waking keep,
Conſuming in Debauch the Night,
Acting black Sins in Chambers bright:
We poor and hardy Shepherd Swains,
Freed at no Seaſon from our Pains,
Under the ſhelter of a Rock,
In Winter Nights did guard our Flock;
When, lo, a bright and glorious Ray,
The Sun out-ſhining at Mid-day,
Surrounded us with great Diſmay.
A Choir of Angels thus did ſing,
Good Tidings to the Earth we bring,
A Saviour to the World is born;
There never roſe ſo Bleſs'd a Morn!
Peace unto Earth, Good Will to Men.
Glory, i'th' higheſt, be to Heaven!
The Child to know, we give this Sign,
A Manger holds the Babe Divine.

We found that true the Angels ſaid,
And our Account fill'd all with Dread.
The Viſion thus when we had ſpread,
Ador'd, and offer'd up a Lamb,
Back to our Folds with Joy we came,
Our honeſt Labours eas'ly bore,
Finding Heavens Shepherd ſelf was poor.

Ep. 248. *On* Epicurus's *Atomes.*

Obſerving the laſt Winters Show'rs of Snow,
How thick the Flakes, and numberleſs did flow,
Croſſing each other, hitting, often joyn'd,
It brought the Dance of Atomes to my Mind,
And narrowly I look'd upon the Ground,
To ſee what Figures they did there compound,
But arrant ſhapeleſs Snow was all I found:
Nor, I believe, on *Salisbury*'s wide Plain,
(Unleſs by Rigor of the Cold was ſlain)
The Shepherds ſaw no Semblance of a Sheep,
Or the leaſt Inſect on the Earth does creep.
And much I fear, the Atomiſts wild Scheme
Of the Worlds Frame, is but a drowſie Dream:

The Plants, the Beaſts, the Men, the Stars, the Sun,
By interfering Particles begun,
Are only Maggots in their Brains that run.

Ep. 249. *On the Wiſe Men.* Matth. 2.

The Eaſtern Sages came from far,
Led by Devotion and a Star,
To Heavens King did Homage pay,
When Poor he in a Stable lay!
To *Gentiles* God did thus reveal,
What from proud *Jews* he did conceal:
But theſe embroil'd in factious Wars,
In cov'tous and ambitious Jars,
Wiſe to the Earth, were blind to Stars.

Ep. 250. *On* Spurius.

Much thou doſt glory in they Father's Name,
O'erſeeing of thine own, and Mothers Shame:
The ſway of Luſt lodg'd in thy ſpurious Blood,
To Vice o'er-bears thee, like a Potent Flood:
Nor known 's the Crime thou'rt not engulphed in,
A Grandee ſeen, and Prince in ev'ry Sin.

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou be truly Great? Vertue embrace,
Reſcind the Curſe intail'd on Baſtard-Race.

Ep. 251. *On a Droll.*

Things Vain and Serious, when thou art i'th' Fit,
Thou mak'ſt alike the ſubject of thy Wit;
And all thou ſay'ſt does ſo ſurpriſing flow,
A Hermit it wou'd poſe, what Mood to ſhow.
Vicious thou'rt not, but ſo content to ſeem,
Sporting thy ſelf, with ſome Mens diſ-eſteem.

Ep. 252. *The Priſoner.*

The Court was up, and I had ta'en a ſtand,
(Being a Stranger) to behold near hand
The Priſoner, and beſought my Friend to ſhow
By ſome Remark, how I the Man might know.
That's he, he ſaid, *which you ſee march alone,*
Whom many bow to, tho' they fear to own.
What, he that bears ſuch Brightneſs in his Face,
Such high Aſſurance, and ſerene a Grace?
That's ſure the Judge, his Guard, that armed throng.
It is the Priſoner that they lead along.

O bleſſed Land! I cry'd, if ſuch I ſee
Be Criminals, thy Juſt muſt Wonders be!
I hardly ſpoke, when I was bid to view
A ſneaking, abject, and down-looking Crew,
Whoſe Malice the brave Priſoner had run down,
Having no other Crime, but his Renown.
Let mean Men Vice avoid, the Gen'rous Fame,
There's nought more dang'rous than the Noble Name.

Ep. 253. *On a young Country Damſel.*

A Country Damſel by a Feaver brought
To great Extreams, all Remedies were ſought,
Both to relieve her Body and her Mind,
The Church-man did his Task the hardeſt find;
Who, hoping her young Fancy ſo to bribe,
Jeruſalem above did ſo deſcribe,
As the Apocalyps does it unfold,
The Structure all of Jewels and of Gold.
She ſigh'd, and ſaid, *Tho' what you tell be ſo,*
Wou'd I were well, and might to London *go.*

Ep.

Ep. 254. *To* Silius.

Thou'd'ſt have a hundred Pound by way of Loan,
In greateſt need I this way trouble none,
And to deny ſuch Suits, ſhame not to own.
Ten Pound thou ſay'ſt I lent thee. To a Friend
What I can loſe, I am content to lend.

Ep. 255. *On the like.*

A Noble Lord five hundred Pounds did lend,
Out of meer Greatneſs, to a ſlipp'ry Friend,
Who, beyond hope, the Money did repay;
But, in few days, a larger Sum did pray;
Which was deny'd, and that upon the Score,
He had ſo much deceiv'd the time before.
Which when the wond'ring Borrower did deny!
My Lord faceciouſly did thus reply.
The Money lent, I never hop'd to ſee,
But twice deceiv'd I'll ne'er conſent to be.

Ep. 256. *On* Cloe.

Lazy, but Witty, *Cloe* does eſſay,
To hold her Place, yet loyter all the day:
When her Neglect provokes her Ladies Rage,
Her Anger, with a Jeſt, ſhe can aſſwage.
Plenty, 'mong other Vices, is Sloth's School,
'Tis Service to the Great, to play the Fool.

Ep. 257. *On* Pompillius.

Pompillius has attain'd, at laſt, his Poſt;
As he complain'd, as much he now does boaſt;
A Charge he has at Court, no common Grace,
And his Succeſs is pourtrai'd in his Face;
O'er-looks not only ſuch as you, and me,
But his *Great-Self* does alſo over-ſee;
Uſurps the Parts he has not, and the Pow'r,
Fancies he's Wiſe, and Potent, in an hour;
When Sawcy, Witty; Courtly, when moſt rude;
Obliging, where his Folly does obtrude.
Some Smile, ſome Jeſt: All, he believes, admire,
And ne'er will ſee, till he's again i'th' Mire.

Ep.

Ep. 258. *On Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate.*

As thou deſir'ſt, *Avitus*, I'll relate
My thoughts of Coffee, Tea, and Chocolate.
The firſt I've ſip'd, ſpit out, and that's enough
For ſuch ill ſmelling, looking, nautious Stuff:
But this does many good; and ſo do Croſſes,
Sharp Sickneſſes, Impriſonment and Loſſes.
Sickneſs I cou'd, before this Drench, endure,
Tho' thoſe there are that Frolick in the Cure.
Tea is much prettier, pleads a fairer quarter,
China Leaves, fineſt Sugar, and Spring-water.
A darling Drug, and not miſ-underſtood,
If on th'account of Pleaſantneſs, term'd Good.
But ſuch its Glory I let Fools admire,
That oft ten Pounds, the Pound, it coſts the Buyer.
The *Indian* Nut, much more regard does claim,
Right Chocolate, not all that bears the name:
Grateful in Taſte, and high in Vertue found,
Great Spirits, in a little Doſe, abound;
Both Heart and Brain it cheers; as one well ſaid,
It Foxes all the Body, but the Head;

No

No Fumes, no Opilations, it attend,
To thoſe who Studious are, a mighty Friend.
Let others be to Tea and Coffee kind,
The Good they fancy, thou in this wilt find.

Ep. 259. *On* Fungus.

A Truant Youth, a Loyt'rer in the Arts,
Trifling that time, ſhou'd have improv'd thy Parts,
Th'uncultivated Mind now nothing breeds,
But the moſt vicious, rank, and poyſonous Weeds;
And Idleneſs, which thee times paſt did pleaſe,
Is now a burdenſom and ſore Diſeaſe.
Labour does not the Plow-man ſo annoy,
As Reſt does thee, and want of all Employ.
In Drink, or worſe Debauch, thou ſpend'ſt this day,
The next thou play'ſt at Dice, or ſeeſt a Play;
The third, and fourth, thou being at a loſs,
Can'ſt ſcarce, without a Halter, bear the Croſs.
Phyſicians, in this Malady, abjure,
Seek not the *Wells*, but *Galleys*, for thy Cure.

Ep.

Ep. 260. *To* Decius.

Thou tell'ſt me *Chremes* often does complain,
To ſee me in a Month he can't obtain,
He may as well complain, and alſo ſay,
With Stocks and Pillory I can't away.
Who can ſupport to hear a Dotard tell
Whole days, what Luck to him at Cards befell;
How beyond hopes came in the wiſh'd-for Knave,
The deſperate Game, when given for loſt, to ſave.
Can hear the raving Legends of his Dreams,
Hiſtories of Aches, and of ſuch like Themes.
To ſpeak of's breaking Wind he will not balk;
Who little know, all of themſelves do talk.

Ep. 261. *On an old Leacher.*

Rotten with Gouts, with Iſſues, and with Age,
Feel'ſt thou as yet Luſts Tyranny and Rage?
When now cadav'rous, burn'ſt thou with Deſire?
Thy Head when Snow, contain thy Veins a Fire?
If with ſuch Flames thou doſt thy Age deprave,
Into an *Ætna* thou'lt convert thy Grave.

Ep.

Ep. 262. *On Sir* Irus.

A Noble Lady at her gen'rous Board,
Acceſs to half-ſtarv'd *Irus* did afford,
As old as poor, to theſe, as little wiſe;
Her Goodneſs did not yet the Wretch deſpiſe.
A Knight he was, but not of antick Fame,
Who Giants ſplit, and Monſters us'd to tame.
But his Adventures now he firſt began,
And much like *Him*, who at the Wind-mill ran.
Hearten'd and warm, by being daily fed,
The Snake aſpir'd unto the Ladies Bed.
'Twou'd honour him to ſay, He was defeat,
And loſt his Aim. No: But he loſt his Meat.
Tho' Dotage be high rank'd in *Cupid*'s School,
He thence expels an aged, needy, Fool.

Ep. 263. *To the Muſes.*

Your Clients, Goddeſſes you often name;
Prevaricating then, without all Shame,
They make you ſerve their Loves, their Luſts, their (Rage,
In ways both baſe and impious you engage.

Tho'

Tho' I no Temples to your Fame have rais'd,
By an immortal Verſe your Glories blaz'd,
If 'twas not too much Honour, 'twas no ſtain,
That I invok'd you to ſupport my Pain;
Made real Powers of nominal and vain.
And when my Thanks I unto you have paid,
I'll lean hereafter on Diviner Aid.

Ep. 264. *On Captain* James Killigrew *kill'd in a Sea-fight againſt the* French.

By another Hand.

Too much had Fate, on our unhappy Land,
Already ſtretch'd her all-deſtroying Hand;
Both Church and State late felt a dreadful Loſs,
And each ſtill mourn'd under their heavy Croſs;
When fleſh'd with Slaughter, and more cruel grown,
She wou'd her Power ſhou'd o'er the Sea be known;
And *Killigrew*, tho' young in high Command,
While double Force he did ſome time withſtand;
By her Decree was in the Conflict ſlain,
Tho' his Ship ſafe, and both the Foes were ta'en.

Thus

Thus Vict'ry did his breathleſs Corpſe attend,
As in his Life, ſo in his Death a Friend.

Ep. 265. *To my diſpleaſed Reader.*

Altho' I ne'er cou'd pleaſe thee heretofore,
Yet now I can, To write I do give o'er.

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F I N I S.